Vol. VII.

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tude; and this feeling assures him that no enemies, or friends, for that matter, are moving about. On the contrary, if all is silent and drear, it is a warning that danger lurks near—

that, conscious of the murderous intent of the

It was the assurance that no danger lurked near that gave Seth relief; and when satisfied that he could do so with impunity, he gave ut-

Instantly he was answered in a similar man-

"Reynard, the Fox, lives," the young leader said; then he uttered the cry of the beaver,

Then changing his position, he gave utterance to the scream of a panther, the howl of a

wolf, the hoot of an owl, and the cry of a whippowil. Al's answered but one.

"As I live!" soliloquized Seth, "the boys all answered but the Indian, Le Subtile Wolf. Can it be that he has been slain!"

Hooseah was a brave and fearless youth, with but little of the savage in his nature. He was a Chippewa by birth, and had spent all

his days among the whites, coming from nor-thern Michigan when quite a lad; so there was no danger to apprehend of his want of fidelity to the whites. Seth was satisfied that he had either been killed or else had not heard his call. He did not repeat it through fear of confusion,

Moving further back into the woods, Seth finally sat down in a dense thicket of shrub-bery, leaned against a tree and went to sleep.

This was not a very commendable act for a borderman, but Seth knew that no danger

could befall him there in such a lonely and desolate spot. Moreover, he was almost exhausted with his night's adventure, and noth-

ing but sleep could restore the much-needed strength, and drive away the dizzy whirl of

It was just growing light when he awoke. He could see the dusky outline of the tree-trunks around him, and leaning against one of

these, motionless as the tree itself, he saw the

CHAPTER VI.

A QUEER OLD CUSTOMER. SETH started to his feet, half bewildered and half terrified at sight of the savage standing

To his surprise, however, he saw that the In-

skulker, nature hushes her song.

ner from among the hills.

or of increasing their danger.

outlines of an Indian warrior!

over him.

and was answered.

terance to the sharp bark of the fox.

#### A TALE OF THE OLDEN DAYS.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

'Tis a song of the days that are gone—
Of the deeds of a knight of old,
With a sword as bright as the stars,
And a burnished helmet of gold.
He was known as the Knight of La Ronne,
And he loved a fair maid of old,
With blue eyes as bright as the stars,
And hair as rich gleaming as gold,
Who was known as the Lady De Nonne.

But there was a bold Knight of the Plain,
Who loved the fair Lady De Nonne,
With a love not tender and true
As that of the Knight of La Ronne;
But he'd pledged him again and again,
He'd wed the fair Lady De Nonne,
Whose love was so tender and true
For the valiant Knight of La Ronne,
Though his hands in his gore he must stain!

They chanced to meet one day in the wood
When the heart of each knight was bold,
And two swords as bright as the stars
Rung flashing on helmets of gold!
In the shade of a dark copse, there stood
A maiden with heart growing cold,
With blue eyes as bright as the stars
And hair as rich-gleaming as gold,
Who was watching the fight in the wood.

The arm of the bold Knight of the Plain
Was stouter than that of his foe,
And he beat down his trusty sword,
And, wounding him, quick laid him low,
Then dismounted to wound him again!
Then came the fair Lady De Nonne
And threw herself under the blade,
All red with the blood of La Ronne;
It fell—and the true maiden was slain!

## SURE SHOT SETH. The Boy Rifleman:

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES. AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN BACKBACK," ETC.

> CHAPTER V. THE STRUGGLE IN THE HUT.

For fully a minute a speechless silence reign ed in the Hermit Hut, the savages eying the boys, and the latter exchanging glances with one and another. Had the red-skins entered the door as had been their wont in days past, the boys would not have mistrusted them of murderous designs. But their war-paint, and every feature of the face, and the black ferret-eyes, bespoke the evil, murderous purpose in

Sure Shot Seth was the first to speak. "Why does our red friends not come in at the door as they used to?" he asked, calmly. "Why do the pale-face boys stand a guard near the door?" was the savage spokesman's reply; "they didn't use to do this.

Seth was puzzled for an answer to this sav-The fact of their having placed age retort. one of their number on guard outside was evidence of their fears of danger, for not once in the two years past had they ever been compelled to take this precaution. "We placed a guard near the door," Seth

finally answered, "because we have heard that the Indians and whites have dug up the hatchet and were going to war with each other.' "And are not the trapper-boys of the Hermit Hut the friends of the whites?" asked the

savage, with a sardonic smile.
"We are the friends of all—both red and white. The red-skins have broken bread with us as often as the whites since we came to the

Hermit Hut. If there is trouble between the Sioux and the whites, we can be neutral. "The white boy's tongue is crooked. He knows he will fight the Sioux. When he came into the cabin, we were on the top of his wig-

wam and heard him talk." In an instant all flashed through the boy's mind. During their absence the Indians had climbed to the roof of the cabin, and were there concealed when they came in. They saw there was no compromising with them—that a conflict was inevitable.

The Brigade had deposited all their rifles in one corner, and edging around by degrees, the savages managed to get themselves between the boys and the guns, believing that they were in possession of no other weapons. But in this the red-skins were mistaken. Each of the boys was possessed of a small revolver, and which, at close quarter, would be the most desirable The youths felt no fears of the number that confronted them; but that others might be waiting outside to join them in case of a Little Crow."

The savages were armed with the deadliest weapons—the tomahawk and scalping-knife. But none of them were drawn, and a movement of a hand to the belt would be a signal

for the boys to precipitate the conflict. Each boy was actuated as if by a single impulse. The threatened danger forced measures in common upon each mind; and having exchanged glances with their leader, all stood ready to fire the first shot ever fired in anger, with deadly intent upon a human being.

It was a momentous hour in the lives of the young Brigade-started from the sweet, rapturous enjoyment of music into the presence of death. Yet they faced the savages—great, powerful, athletic fellows that they were—with cool, calm determination that in a measure awed the sanguine audacity of the Sioux.

lines of enemies, though each form seemed to friends; but in the moment of their bloodless, been transferred to the open air. In front of tremble with the emotions that were pent up triumph, a flendish yell outside the door burst the cabin the boy-trappers met a number of within it.

Seth had, adroitly, yet without any apparent motion whatever, transferred his hands to his breeches pockets, in the right of which he always carried his revolvers, it being more con-

His friends saw this movement, and comprehended its meaning at once, though it never entered the Indians' brains that his movement was other than a manifestation of peace; and as the youth's companions assumed positions and attitudes that brought their right hands in juxtaposition with their revolvers, a savage

"We will not kill the boy trappers if they will go quietly as prisoners to the village of

"We haven't the least assurance of this," answered Seth, "for we have found the Sioux to be treacherous as the moccasin snake."

'For these words shall the pale-face boy die," replied the chief, unloosing his tomahawk But, before he could release the weapon, the hand of the young trapper-boy was withdrawn from his pocket and extended toward the savage's face. There was a flash and report simultaneously, and the warrior, with a deep groan of horrible pain, started back; his face contorted with agony and his muscles quivering, he fell like an ox upon the floor. A round hole in his forehead bearing the black powder-marks around its edges told where the unerring bullet

This was a signal for a general attack and the clash of five other revolvers rung out sharp and stunning on the night. Every savage went

from the lips of a score of red-skins; the door was flung open, and the yelling demons rushed into the cabin like a tornado.

Turning on his heel, as the door burst from its hinges, Sure Shot Seth fired at the candle snuffing out the light as completely as though done by a gust of wind!

Then the revolvers of the boy-trappers were turned toward the door, and a constant stream of fire flashed in the faces of the savages. The groans of the dying wretches were mingled with the crack of the revolvers, the sodden fall of heavy bodies, and the tumbling of the excited savages over their fallen comrades as they

rushed into the darkened room. The boy-trappers gradually edged around toward the door leading into the opposite room; and as each one emptied the last chamber of his revolver, he passed out into the adjacent apartment. Not a word escaped the lips of our young friends, and one by one their revolbecame silenced; but whether it was by death or by being emptied, each could tell noth-

ing regarding his comrade. The danger was not all on the side of the savages, for the moment the light was put out, they began throwing their tomahawks, clubs and knives in every direction; and their clash and thud fell thick as hail against the walls. But the confusion was so great and deafening that the savages could tell nothing of the result of their attack.

Finally the tumult became hushed; a light has a language, and one that never deceives. was obtained by the savages; and then it was The chirp of a cricket, the hum of insect wings, that they beheld the terrible loss they had already sustained. Maddened by the sight of their dead braves they sought the foe in the and produce a weird, monotonous drone that For half a minute a lull—such as precedes the violence of the storm—fell upon the two seemed but the labor of an instant for our adjoining room, but the scene of battle had instinctively inspires one with a feeling of soli-

savages as they passed out, and here another

the woods!-every fellow for himself!'

"Boys," cried Sure Shot Seth, "make for

A moment later there seemed to be a percep

tible pause in the struggle as the sound of the conflict spread out in all directions, and yells

of savage vengeance rung through the forest.

By these sounds, Sure Shot Seth knew that his

men had obeyed orders, and that all the survi-

vors were seeking safety by flight to the woods.

But how many had fallen? This was the ques-

tion that now rose in the young trapper's mind as he pursued his lonely way through the dark and gloomy wilderness. When assured that he

had eluded his pursuers, Seth stopped and sat

and unbroken silence pervaded the night, and

gradually animated nature began her myriad

of sounds, and soon the great lungs of the sleep-

ing world were sending forth their pulsing,

Sure Shot Seth grew easier now. He knew

ger was lurking near. The acute ear of the

All noise of the late conflict was left behind,

conflict ensued.

down upon a log

throbbing respirations.

dian did not move, and a second thought and second glance removed a terrible weight from the youth's mind; for he now recognized the red-skin as his friend, Hooseah, or Le Subtile Wolf. The Indian lad was standing there asleep. It was the way a Chippewa slept on the war-path. Seth glanced around him, and on the oppo-

site side of the same tree against which he had reclined he saw the form of Justin Gray, the Beaver, curled up in a sound slumber; and under another tree not far away he saw the form of Black Pan, the African, stretched at full length along the ground. Seth gave utterance to the shrill cry of a

bird, then in a clear voice called out: "Le Subtile Wolf?"

"Ugh! me here," muttered the lad, starting from his slumber. "Justin Grav?"

"Here.

"Tim Tricks?" 'Here I is, ole boss.

Baldwin Judd?"

"Here," came from in the bushes.
"Teddy O'Roop?"

"Here, bedad." "Mort Schultz?"

"I here ish." And as each one answered to his name, he emerged from among the shadows and stood before his young leader, Sure Shot Seth. "Thank God, we are all permitted to meet

again," said Seth. This was the point designated as a rendezvous before leaving the cabin when the sav-ages were pouring in upon them; hence the emarkable manner under which they all met.

Two of the boys bore severe wounds, but

these had been bandaged, and in the joy experienced over their escape they felt no pain.
The marks of a restless night, and of excitement, were upon each face; yet no look, word or movement betrayed the least sign of fear. Nobly had the youths fought their way through a terrible danger, and now as they stood congratulating each other on their miraculous escape—while the red dawn of the

rosy morn was bursting into light around

them, a shrill, sharp voice suddenly cried out:

The boys started as though a torpedo had exploded in their midst. They glanced around them, then at one another, a look of wild asby the sounds that came to his ear that no dan-

tonishment upon each face.
"Here!" again shouted the unknown voice, and the sound was followed by an outburst of

experienced woodman can read the voices of nature as though spoken in an intelligible diarollicking laughter. It came from overhead, and raising their Through force of habit he becomes aceyes, the young bordermen saw that which forced an involuntary exclamation from their customed to his surroundings, and intuitively learns by instinct the language of both animate Attached to a limb of the wide-spreadand inanimate nature, for inanimate nature ing oak was a sort of a rude hammock made of a blanket, and over the end of this the quaint, comical face of an old man looked down upon the piping of a tree-frog, and the patter of the

He was about twenty or thirty feet above



"I'm in at roll-call, too. Sound the reveillie, beat the drum, and rat-tat-too, for day has broke."

This old stranger was a man of nearly three score years; yet the bright luster of his mis-chievous gray eyes, and the smile upon his thin, bearded face, told of a youthful, buoy-ant spirit. His nose was of a strong Roman type—a type indicative of indomitable cour-Considerable severity was betrayed in the thin lips, yet the general features of the man were the embodiment of humor, eccentricity and drollery.

'I'm in at roll-call, too," he exclaimed, in a whimsical tone; "sound the revillie, beat the drum, and rat-tat-too, for day has broke, the birds are astir, and the devil's to pay.

Will, now!" exclaimed Teddy O'Roop, "and what fur a baste have we got there

now? "Hello, boggy-tongue," answered the man, with a comical smile, as he turned over on his stomach in his hammock and gazed complacent ly down upon the Brigade, while he kicked up his heels like a listless schoolboy lying in the shade. "I should think you could see that I'm not a 'possum up here; nor that I'm not an oriole in a hangin' nest, but a full-fledged rooster of the gunus man who roosts high and

"We observe that you are rather elevated

in your ideas of repose," said Seth.

"Elevated, did ye say?" replied the man;

"Jews and Gentiles! that's no name for it.

It's perfectly delicious up here. You see, I've slept around on the yearth with bugs, and snakes, and tortles, and bears, and wolves, and Indians, and snails, and alligators, crawling over and sniffin' round me long enough; and so I come to the conclusion that I'd hang myself up in a tree after'ds; and I find it's delicious swaying in the breeze while the beasts of the field roam beneath, and the birds of the air sail above me. I'm old Joyful Jim Tucker, a brother of the veritable Daniel who had a Darby lamb; and so I'll jist come from my chamber in the air, and quiz you chaps a bit.

The man stepped out upon a limb, unfastened his hammock, took a rifle and its accoutre ments from among the thick foliage above his head, and then descended to the ground. He He shook hands with the boys all around, then

said: S'pose you chaps are on the war-path?" "Can't say that we are, exactly, though we had quite a fight last night with savages at our cabin, and were routed, though we lost no

You don't mean to say that you compose Sure Shot Seth's Boy Brigade, that's been ranchin' at the Hermit Hut?" exclaimed Joyful

'We're the Boy Brigade," answered Seth. "Judas and Benedict Arnold! Why, boys, I war just on my way to your ranch.'

From where?" "Minnisota in gineral; you see I've been doin' a little tradin' up here 'mong the Ingins for the past few years. I've been tradin' 'em beads, pocket-knives and 'doctored water,' for peltries; but as they've dug up the hatchet, I concluded to make myself seldom in their midst, and so pointed nose for the Hermit Hut. And so they've routed you hoss and foot?"

"They came upon us ten to one."
"They did? Wal, then, thar's no denyin' blood and war are upon us; and so I perpose to have a hand in it. If the critters hadn't confiscated all my stock, I'd been easier onto 'èm; but now I purpose to let 'em know that I wern't eddicated in the city. I'll jist sail right into 'em, boot and toe-nail, and I'll bet the fust Ingin I'll tackle 'll hear som'thin' gurgle."
"Faith, and wouldn't somethin' gargle if

yees should tackle a jug av poteen, Joyful Jim-mie, eh now?" said Teddy.
"Irishman, do you take me for a drunkard?

Do you s'pose if I had a gallon of 'oh-be-joy ful' that I wouldn't let you have half of it? What do you take me for, anyhow?"

"Yow-oo-o!" suddenly rung in a low quavering echo through the woods.

Every boy started as if shot "It is Le Subtile Wolf," said Seth, who, for the first time, noticed the absence of the Indian from their midst; "it means danger." 'Then s'pose we obscure ourselves," suggest-

ed the trader, and the party at once concealed themselves, Joyful Jim selecting a thicket some distance from the boys. They had scarcely done so ere a savage in war-paint came stealing slyly as a panther through the woods, his eyes and ears on the alert, and his body bent slightly forward as if to give intensity to the precaution he was observing.

Joyful Jim, who was not concealed from the Brigade entirely, turned and glanced toward the boys with a comic grimace and a wink and shook his head as if ready to burst with suppressed laughter.

Och, and the owl bla'gard'll not keep still,' said Teddy, in a whisper.
"No danger of his betraying us," returned

Seth: "I think he can be trusted The red-skin advanced slowly, cautiously. He was pursuing a course that, if continued would take him within two paces of the trader. and our young friends experienced no little uneasiness for the old man's safety. They could see the trader as he stood erect behind the shrubbery, his hands outstreteed before

him as if to part the bushes. The savage stole on, and when opposite the thicket he was started with all the sudden affright and ferocity of a surprised tiger. He turned his head and saw the bushes part before m, and the face of the fearless old Joyful Jim appear in the opening.

'Howdy?-mornin' to ye, red-skin!" exclaimed the trader, with a desperate grin. The savage started back with a grunt, while a look of demoniac ferocity mounted his painted face. His hand sought the knife at his girdle, but before he could use it, the bony fist striking the warrior in the face, felled him to

of the trader shot through the shrubbery, and the earth. Then with a shout, the old man sprung from his covert upon the savage and engaged him in a hand-to-hand struggle. battle waxed warm and desperate, but in the hottest of the contest the red-skin gave a wild yell, that was immediately answered by a dozen friends, not far distant; and the next moment eight or ten warriors came darting through the woods toward the scene of battle

"Let them have it, boys!" exclaimed Seth; "we're in for another fight." Scarcely had he spoken ere the rifles of the Boy Brigade rung out on the clear morning air, and half of the advancing savages fell

CHAPTER VII. GIVING THE RED-SKINS "FITS."

THE instant the Boy Brigade fired, those of the red-skins that did not fall dodged behind the nearest trees and at once opened a sort of a random fire. The boys, however, had also availed themselves of the cover of trees, and, while they could render Joyful Jim no assistance in his struggle, they resolved that no assistance should come to his antagonist. There | trail

limb that grew straight out from the body of from the savages under cover, for the rapid evolutions of the two made it dangerous, to friend as well as foe, to fire upon them. The only hopes of each party lay in keeping the other at bay until the contest should be settled between the two combatants themselves.

Sure Shot Seth was without a gun, but with a pistol in hand, kept an eye on the enemy, the nearest of whom were not eighty yards away

Joyful Jim and his antagonist seemed to have taken each other at a disadvantage, and so labored in the conflict. In rapid evolutions they whirled in each other's embrace The hold of each was exactly the same. old trader's right arm pinioned the savage's left, and the savage's right pinioned the old man's left. Jim, however, finally succeeded in getting hold of the red-skin's long scalp-lock, which hung down his back; and by pulling se verely upon this appendage, drew the savage head back in such a manner as to render him almost helpless. The savage uttered a hoarse rattling cry when he saw that his foe wa gaining upon him, and his cry reaching the ears of his friends, created a lively stir among them. By every device known to their cun ning brains they tried to draw the Brigade from its covert. But they had met their

match, and failed in every attempt.

Meanwhile, firing was heard in the woods some distance to the south, and that Hooseah, the young Chippewa, was in trouble, the Brigade had not a doubt; but none of them dare attempt to leave, for every tree that concealed one of them was marked by a savage eye and covered by a savage rifle.

Finally, however, the Indians saw that their friend was getting the worst of the conflict, and that something must be done. With a yell that might have intimidated less brave hearts than those of the Boy Brigade, the Sioux dashed from their covert and darted toward the combatants, reeling as they ran, to avert the bullets of the enemy.

But the Boy Brigade was ready for any emergency, and having discharged their rifles, bounded from their concealment and met the foe by the two struggling combatants, over whom a desperate conflict ensued.

The Boy Brigade now had an opportunity to call into practical use their skillful, athletic training; and right lively did they exert themselves—leaping, whirling and darting through the air so rapidly and swiftly that the eye could scarcely follow their movements.

Teddy O'Roop, as he came up near the redskins, turned a complete hand-spring and shot himself forward with such force that his feet, coming in contact with a savage's stomach, sent him breathless to the earth.

Baldwin Judd, or Reynard, the Fox, leaped into the air over a savage's head and planted his feet in the red-skin's face with great vioce, while Tim Tricks, the darkey, dropped his bullet-head, shot forward as if ejected from a catapult, and drove it into the stomach of a

red-skin, doubling him up on the earth.

Taken thus, the red-skins were unprepared to meet the flying enemy, as it were. were completely confused and astounded by the flying, whirling, darting, tumbling forms around them. Heels, heads, fists and forms shot hither and thither in dizzy confusion; and ere the red-skins were aware of the fact, the Boy Brigade was master of the situation. Two of the savages had been slain, and the rest knocked breathless to the earth and secured before they could offer resistance.

By this time Joyful Jim had ended the conflict between himself and the savage, and had come out victor without even a wound of any

The firing heard a few minutes previous had ceased, and the shout of victory that rung from Old Jim's lips was answered by another from the lips of Hooseah, the Indian lad, who, at this juncture, came bounding into the midst of his friends, followed by a strange lad and brandishing above his head a Sioux scalp.

scalp. Who says you can civilize or tame an

It's an Indian's nature to scalp, and I preme you can't preach it out of him," said Sure Shot Seth; "but who have you here, Hooseah?" and he turned to the white lad accom-'Ed Thornly," answered the youth him-

"Ed Thornly? Haven't I seen you at Yellow Medicine? Yes; I reside there; you are Sure Shot

Seth. I believe?" The same," answered our hero.

"Then my mission is at an end, though I thought for awhile the Indians had ended it this morning for me when they captured me. Thanks to your red friend here I was liberated.

'Then you were on your way to the Hermit Hut?"

Yes-totally ignorant of the fact that the Indians had begun their depredations. But I am here to see you, Seth, on a little matter concerning us boys at the Agency. row we are to have a shooting-match there for boys. A fine rifle is to be the prize. There is me rivalry between Tom Grayson and Ivan Le Clerco, the two best shots at the place: but on the part of the latter it is not a friendly rivalry. He has already resorted to foul means to defeat Tom, whom the majority of the people like. By the mean advantage already gained, it is feared that Le Clercq will win, so we boys held a meeting and concluded to send for you, and have you take some of the conceit and selfarrogance out of that fellow. I have a request ere, signed by nearly all the boys in the Agency, for you to come down and scoop Le

Seth's eyes brightened as Ed presented him the paper upon which were a number of names. It was a concession to his superior marksmanship, and he felt proud of the honor thus con ferred upon him by the Agency boys. could, under no circumstances, decline, and expressed his surprise at the honor bestowed upon him, and promised Ed that he would be

"I'll teach your friend, Ivan, a lesson he has never learned in handling firearms," he "and, as I am without a rifle now, it will be a kind of a Godsend to get a new Yes, you can tell Tom Grayson that I'll be there.

The whole band now moved southward, accompanied by Ed Thornly and Joyful Jim, the reputed Indian trader. That night they encamped ten miles from

the Agency. Ed Thornly went on home alone, but under cover of the darkness. Bright and early the next morning Sure Shot Seth left the Brigade and set out for Yel-

low Medicine to fulfill his engagement at the shooting-match. Shortly after his departure the Brigade struck a fresh Indian trail leading toward the south-west, and feeling fully satisfied that the enemy were upon the war-path, they set off in pursuit of the foe-upon their first war-

was little danger of old Jim receiving a shot (To be continued—commenced in No. 353.)

#### A MOTHER'S MEMORIES.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

When within my chamber lonely, How my thoughts doth backward roam, O'er the years that swiftly vanished, Since I was a child at home.

In the silence, sadly brooding, O'er the sorrow-freighted years, How I sigh for Lethe's dark waters, And forgetfulness of tears!

Yet the wish is scarce half uttered, Ere my memory doth recall Some white stars out of life's darkness, Like fair lilies on Death's pall.

First, a mother's fond caresses, Rained upon a childish face; And a father's deep affection, That stern Time can not efface. Some kind words by true friends uttered,

That through years are treasured up, That dilute the gall and wormwood, When I drink of sorrow's cup.

Yet a brighter star is shining, Fairer, dearer, than the rest, That came like a glimpse of Heaven, And made Earth a region blest. But the gem was only given,
That, though weary, I may know
That a treasure waits in Heaven—
Waits to heal a mother's woe.

Think ye, if I could forget them— Parents' love, and friendships dear? Or the clasp of baby finger, Were each day a weary year?

No! I shun Lethe's fabled waters," While my memory backward flies For those stars will safely guide me To my rest beyond the skies!

### BIG GEORGE,

# The Giant of the Gulch.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MINER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXVII. A BEAUTIFUL FURY.

TERRIBLY beautiful was Clarina as she drew er queenly form erect, her countenance glow ing, her eyes blazing with an angry triumph but it was with the beauty of a fallen angel. Even in that moment Big George felt a glow of admiration thrill through his being, a sensation something akin to the old passionate ar-dor of days gone by. But it lasted only for an Then the memory of a fair, pure face instant. eturned with redoubled force as he caught the full meaning of her exultant speech.

"You will never again breathe your love-yows in her ears. She is dead! And I killed her!" repeated the beautiful fury, in a clear,

'You-but it is a lie-a shallow lie on its face!" cried Big George, suffering his uplifted hand to sink to his side. "She is safe in Red's hands, and I'll take good care that you never have the chance to trouble her. From this hour our paths run separate. You can stay here or go—just as you prefer; but whichever you elect, I and mine will take the other course. I have more than fulfilled my bargain with you so far. There is nothing you can

blame me with—"
"Nothing, George?" cried Clarina, her tone and attitude changing as by magic, from hard and defiant to soft and reproachful. call it nothing? You teach me to love you better than all the world beside, better than my very soul; then you turn aside with a careless laugh, tossing my heart from you as you might a crushed and faded flower, saying—go, I have done with you! And this you call noth ing? Oh, George—say that you do not mean it—say that you have only been trying your power over me. You cannot mean it. I love you—Merciful Mother! how I love you! I would die if I thought you hated me! "Great shockin'!" exclaimed Old Jim, would die if I thought you hated me! Say here's this bloody Turk with a red-skin that you were only trying me—that you still love me, if only a little?

Sinking at his feet, she clasped his knees, looking beseechingly into his face as she pleaded; but the cold, hard look did not soften, nor the black frown fade from his face.

"Say that you lied about her-that she is vet alive and well, for all that you have done,

he uttered, sternly.
"And if I do—if I admit that I was mad and hardly knew what I was saying, will you recall those dreadful words? Will you promise to be satisfied with my love, and try to forget that she ever lived?"

Big George laughed with insolent triumph.
"That is all I want to know. I was pretty sure that you were trying to deceive me, fron the first; but so many queer things have hap pened during the last few days that I didn't know but this was another one of them. There you'd better get up. I know how such acting tires one, from sad experience."

'Acting!" cried Clarina, springing to her "So I said. I thought that would be the

proper way to put it, to spare your mcdesty. me, Clarina, this is growing tiresome. Sur ly I have spoken plain enough for even you to understand. The past is dead, so far as you and I are concerned, and it is worse than folly to keep raking over the cold ashes. I tell you once for all that there is not a single spark of my old love left alive-He never finished the sentence. With a

sharp, agonized cry, the Spanish woman sprung toward him, striking madly at his heart with her dagger. Quick as were his motions, Big George could not stay her hand until the keen point of the weapon penetrated his clothes and pierced his skin. The stinging pain enraged him, and for the moment he forgot that he was dealing with a woman. Uttering a furious curse, he struck her with his clenched fist Luckily the force with which he wrested the poniard from her grasp, caused Clarina to reel and thus she avoided the full force of the blow which would otherwise have maimed if no slain her outright. As it was, she was hurled across the room, falling heavily in the corner. Then, without a second glance at his victim Big George strode out of the room and rejoin ed his two brothers. Paying no heed to their questions, he seized one of the decanters, and raising it to his lips, drank long and deeply of

the fiery liquor. Scarcely had he disappeared when Clarina arose to her feet. Her face was very pale, and all passion seemed to have vanished, save from her eyes. They burned with a vivid fire pain-

ful to witness Arranging her disordered garments, Clarina picked up the dagger from the floor where Big George had flung it, then opened a drawer in the bureau from which she took a quantity of gold-dust and some jewels. These she secured upon her person. Then, after one slow glance around her, as though bidding a long farewell to the home which had sheltered her for so long, she opened the door and passed out into Through the the night. Once she paused. open door of the rude brush-wattled hut, she toward her, saying, in a quick, earnest tone of could see the forms of the three brothers, gath- voice: ered around the table. One moment her gaze

rested upon the massive figure of George Pep- my heart for treating you so roughly; but per; then she glided silently away toward the don't dip your hands in the blood of a woentrance of the gulch.

Leon, the Mexican, was on guard, with the best of the mine laborers. A low, cautious note upon her ivory call brought him to her

I am going away from this, Leon," she said, in a low, cold tone. "You will follow me. But first, pass the word to my men. Tell them that their work here is completed, that I, their queen, say so. Bid them make all haste to join me at San Felipe—the old mission. There is work for them on hand—work that will repay them richly. There—that will do." But what will they say?" hesitated Leon.

"That need not concern you; you have only to obey my orders. But that there may be no trouble, act cautiously. They are at the liquors now, and will not be easily disturbed. If they should, and attempt to stop you—well, you have weapons and should know how to use

"Holy Mother be praised!" fervently mutered the Mexican, as Clarina glided away There has been a quarrel with the cursed heretics! If it may only last forever!"

Clambering over the barricade, Clarina emerged from the gulch, and rapidly glided down the valley, nor did she pause to cast one glance behind her. In silence she hastened on through the night, seemingly insensible to faigue, though the trail was a difficult one, at times almost impassable.

It was fully three hours before she paused apon the brow of a rocky hill. Taking breath for a few moments, she raised the whistle to her lips and blew a long, trilling blast, then sunk down upon a moss-grown bowlder. She had not long to wait. Almost immediately a She

head before her. Prempt and faithful as ever, Manuel; you at least I can trust. Well, did you succeed?"

Another low bow was the only reply.

"Good! Now listen. There is work on hand. We will need every arm. You must set the signals for them to gather at the mission at once. You understand?"
"Si, senera," bowed the man, moving away

in obedience to the gesture. Arising, Clarina descended the hill, crossed a level tract of land and found herself at the door of a gloomy-looking stone building-on of the ruined missions, long since abandoned by the priests who sought to convert the savages to the true cross faith, and the same to which Estelle Mack had been borne a captive, some four-and-twenty hours previously

In obedience to her signal, the door was opened to her by the old woman. Clarina took he torch and key to the dungeon door, bidding the old woman return to her couch, and proceeded alone. It was her footstep that Estelle heard, the light of her torch flashing upon her vision after so long a spell of utter darkness that caused her to cover her face with her hands to shut out the blinding light.

Clarina entered, closing the d or behind her.

She thrust the torch into a crevice in the wall, then stood over the captive, touching her with the tip of one foot, saying in a sharp tone:

"Look up! I am anxious to see what there is in your face to drive men mad and cause them to forget their most solemn vows-look

Estelle obeyed, and a low, glad cry broke rom her lips as she saw that a woman stood before her. You are a woman—you have come to save

me? Oh, let me go from here—help me to escape, and I will bless and pray for you! He was calling for me, and they would not let me ro-for the love of God! take me to him! Clarina laughed bitterly, as she thrust the kneeling figure from her with her foot.

"A woman-ves, I was a woman, once: but not now. I am a devil; and you made me one -you and him. As well pray to these stone walls—they will listen to your pleadings with a better grace than I, and answer them far sooner. Take you to him? I would sooner tear the heart from my bosom with my own fingers! Av! look at me, look well. Am I so hideous? Am I old and withered? Is my figare deformed, my voice discordant? What is there in you that I lack? Nothing! And yet body.

he has scorned me for love of you Terrified by the angry look, bewildered by the frenzied speech of the jealous woman. Es telle shrunk back, trembling in every fiber,

'I do not understand—"

"A lie! You know only too well-but you shall not live to boast of your triumph over me. Do I look like one who would tamely submit to such an affront, an injury so bitter No. no! You have had your triumph; yo must pay the penalty. I told him that I had killed you. I lied then, but I will make my words good now. Bah!" and she laughed scornfully as Estelle uttered a low cry of ter "There are none to hear you; and even if there were, I am queen over all. I would only have to lift my finger, and your dainty limbs would be torn asunder. Not that would give that signal; no, no! That would be poor revenge; to see you die by another's hand instead of mine. And then, there are worse punishments than death. He has scorned and insulted me. You shall meet the same fate. He loves you for your sweet baby face. I will spoil that soft beauty-leave it scarred and hideous. I will pull out your silken hairperhaps he has toyed with it-even kissed it Mother of Mercy—I am choking! I am dying—the thought kills me!" and clutching at her throat, Clarina reeled as though she would

Instinctively Estelle sprung to her aid, seeing only a sister woman in agony; but though her touch was magic, Clarina rallied, grasping the girl and flinging her prostrate, raising her poniard to deal the fatal stroke!

#### CHAPTER XXVIII. PUT TO THE TEST.

WITH a choking cry, Estelle Mack closed ner eyes, believing that death was inevitable. The strong grasp upon her hair, the knee pressing sharply into her breast, held her helpless a lamb bound for slaughter. There was no sign of relenting in those fiercely-blazing eyes.

But the end was not yet. The door was flung open and a man leaped into the cell. The knife was already falling when he extended his hand and the round white wrist fell into his broad palm, holding it firm as though fixed in a vise.

With a low, angry cry, the madwoman turned her head, while struggling to release her hand. She saw a heavily-bearded face, large eyes now filled with an expression of wondering reproach. There was something in the glance that calmed her strangely. struggles ceased. She rose to her feet, letting the dagger fall from her relaxed fingers Quick as thought the man stooped and secured the weapon; but only to hold the jeweled hilt

I will take the weapon, Richard, but not to use it on you," replied Clarina, in a more natural voice. "I owe you thanks for checking my hand, just now. I believe 1 was insane; I must have been, else I would never have thought of killing her with a single blow.

That would be too great a mercy! "Who is she—what has she done that you hate her so bitterly?" asked the man—none other than Richard Pepper, or Pepper-pot, as he is best known to us.

"Look-you have seen the face before!" cried Clarina, stepping forward and pushing back Estelle's head so that the red rays of the

torch fell full upon her face. "George's girl!" muttered Pepper-pot, with an air of utter surprise.

"Ay!" bitterly cried the Spanish woman, "And now do you ask me why I hate her— why you found me just now with my knife at her throat? She stole away his love for me and changed it to disgust and loathing. His love—the light of my life!"

"It will not last—it can't," said Pepper-pot, slowly. "George is no fool, and no man in his sober senses could choose her before you. Perhaps he has been only trying you—trying to make you jealous.

Clarina laughed bitterly. "He is a good actor, then! Richard, I be-lieve you are my friend—"

"God knows I am!" fervently cried the desperado. "To serve you, to save you one mo-ment's pain, I would give my right arm and count myself the winner. Clarina, is there no hope for me? Must it ever be thus? For one smile—one look of love, I would die the death huge figure strode up the hill and bowed its of a dog. I love you more—bah! words are so weak! I know what I feel, but I shake whenever I try to put my love into words. Clarina, pity me. I don't ask you to love me all at once. Only let me love you—give me

the right to love you—"
"Stop, Richard—it is you that need restraining, now," said the Spanish woman, smiling faintly. "I love and respect you as a dear friend-you mustn't ask more of me now. I have been sorely tried to-night. He—but perhaps you know; did he tell you?"

"George? no. I knew that there had been a quarrel, from his looks. I couldn't sit there with him. I went outdoors, and then I learned that you had left the gulch. Dinah told me. I believed you would come here, so I followed as fast as I could."

"You desert him—"
"If he is your enemy he is mine," quietly. "He is my enemy. Look!" touching a livid bruise upon her forehead with one finger. "That is his mark!"

"He dared to strike you—you cannot mean that!"

"Yes, he struck me. It may have been my fault. I do not know. I can't remember all that passed between us. I was crazy, I beieve. He spoke so cruelly! It seemed as though my heart would burst! He taunted me with his love for her, and said that it was my turn to suffer as I had made him suffer in days gone by. I humbled myself in the dust at his feet, I said all that woman could-only to be repulsed with scorn and jeers. That drove me mad. I tried to kill him; then he struck me down.'

"It will be a bitter blow for him-I swear it by the Eternal!" hissed Pepper-pot, his face white with deadly passion. "He is no brother of mine. From this moment he is my bitterest enemy, and I swear to hunt him down and

wash out that insult in his heart's blood!' "No, Richard; you must promise me that you will not seek his life. Promise, or you shall never see me again, unless as his

"He struck you, a woman," muttered Pep-

"I know; but I drove him to it. No," she added, with a wan smile. "Don't think that of me. He is nothing to me, now. My love died with that blow. I only wish to make him suffer. I can do that through her. He loves her-I could tell that from his words and looks. I shall kill her; then send him her

"She would not feel the blow now," said Pepper-pot, stooping over the captive.

"All the better. There was a time—just before you came in—that I longed to torture ner, to make her die a thousand deaths in one. I blamed her for my loss. But now I can see that she was not to blame. He's made me love him, almost against my will; then how could she resist him? No I do not hate her now. I would rather strike her while her eyes are closed.

"You will not let her escape?" hesitated Pepper-po "To make him happy with her love? No— ten thousand times, no!" and the wild fury

again filled her eyes Very well, she shall die. But you must not do it. I could not bear to see such blood upon your hands. I will do it, instead. Give me your dagger; it is more suited for a girl like her than my bowie.

took the poniard and felt of its point, then approached the insensible woman, gently moving one arm that lay across her heart. Again did a frightful peril threaten the girland yet again was her life preserved, when death seemed inevitable.

In silence Clarina extended her hand. He

The report of a pistol filled the cell, sounding almost like thunder within those close walls The desperado straightened up couvulsively, urned half around as though to face his des trover, then fell heavily upon his face, stone

At almost the same instant, a dark figure sprung into the cell, a pair of strong arms were flung around the Spanish woman, who stood like one turned to stone at the terrible retribution that had so suddenly overtaken her ally. And almost ere she could comprehend the truth, she was lying upon the floor, bound with her own scarf, disarmed and helpless.

The clanging of the massive door as it was swung to, the sudden snap as the huge bolt was turned, directed her eyes. ing upon the topmost step, his back against the closed door, squinting along the barrel of a revolver, the black muzzle of which stared

her full in the face. 'Jest move a muskle; make a sound bigger'n a pig's whisper, an' l'll blow ye clean to never

ome back ag'in!" he uttered, in a low, grating "Who are you-what have I done-The man laughed, low, yet strangely vindic-

"Enough to check ye straight to - by express! Who air I? I'm Woodpecker — the man whose pard you butchered.

"I do not know you. I never saw you before," faltered Clarina, a sickening sensation of fear creeping over her.

"'Twasn't my fault that you was kep' wait-in' so long. I hain't ett nur slept sence that "Take your weapon, Clarina. Plant it in day. He wouldn't let me-Saltpeter wouldn't.

He kep' shovin' me on ontel I struck the right felt the sell too acutely for sleeping. So, load-trail. I couldn't 'a' rested ef I wanted to, fer ing his pipe, he stood on guard. His reflections his voice a-callin' fer vengince. He showed me them fellers creepin' into town-them with Hammer Tom. That was all I axed. I follered 'em like a bloodhound. I struck one on 'em that same night; a greaser. I sarved him as I mean to sarve all the rest, as I mean to sarve you; the way you treated my pardfinger, hand an' head; jest the same way.

A single long, piercing scream burst from the Spanish woman's lips. The crazed miner laughed shortly, as he divined her object.

That won't do you one mite o' good. They's no one in the house; they're all outside. An' even ef they was to hear ye, what better would you be? They couldn't bu'st open the door in time to save ye."

They could avenge my death-

"Like enough," was the quiet response wouldn't much keer ef they did, once I'd settled you. I'd only see my old pard the sooner. He's waitin' fer me. He said he would, an' Petey never lied to me. They wasn't a whiter man in ten States then him. No man never hed a truer pard nor him. An' yit you mur-dered him, like a wolf! You never give him no show fer his pile. I know that, or he'd 'a' bu'sted the bank, brace game or no, Petey would You tuck him when he'd bin fightin' the pizen, I reckon, or else double-banked 'im from ahind. An' he, harmless es a suckin' dove! It makes my head go 'round an' 'round when I think of it! Sometimes I reckon I'll go plum crazy with thinkin' so much. I kin see it all so plain. Thar he lays, like he was That's what I thought when I fust see'd him. But then—I see his head a-layin' on his breast; I tetched it. I felt the cold blood on my hand. I knowed that he was dead-murdered! 'Peared like somethin' bu'sted jest then, in my head, ye know. It felt so -like a chunk o' red-hot fire. It burned so bad, ontel he told me what'd cool it an' squinch the fire. That was blood-your blood an' that of the devils as helped you to murder

With icy terror at her heart, Clarina listen ed to this rambling speech. She could see that the man was well nigh crazed, if not actually There was no evidence that her cry for help had reached the friendly ears without. She could only escape by her own wits, if even they could save her

It was a cruel deed," she said, slowly. "You are right to swear revenge. But you are wrong in accusing me. I am only a poor, weak woman-'

"I know who you be," chuckled Woodpecker. "You was Joaquin Murieta's wife when he was alive. You killed my pard, an' now I'm goin' to kill you!"

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

BACK TO DIAMOND GULCH.

So faithfully had Florio, the Mexican, carried out the instructions of his mistress that Bart Noble never once dreamed of the truth that he and his party of vigilantes were being sent upon a wild-goose chase. Few if any among their number but had heard of the "at the foot of Lone Tree Butte, connected with which was a wild, thrilling legend of the early days of gold, and nearly one half of the party were personally acquainted with the spot. Thus the vigilante captain did not suffer for want of a guide.

The trail was a long and difficult one for horsemen, now plunging deep into some gloomy canon, now winding upward along the face of a precipice where one false step would dash the unfortunate to the rocks hundreds of feet below, now over high ridges, through grand forests of towering pinnacles, spires and minarets of fantastically carved stone. But the riders had no eyes for the weirdly beautiful vagaries of nature just then. A long, level stretch of barren sand | front. would have pleased them much better. anticipation of a speedy "circus" with the day's work you ever put in!" cried Bart No-Pepper brothers had caused them to forget ble. "But ef you air playin' it on us, the their fatigue and loss of sleep, but now that the "skrimmage" seemed further off than ever, nature re-asserted itself, and more than one miner dozed and nodded in the saddle as they followed at the heels of Bart . Noble and his chosen guide, Gopher.

But every trail has two ends, and near the middle of the afternoon, Noble called a halt. His plans were simple, yet such as promised success. The horses were to be securely teth-The men were to steal forward through the undergrowth and surround the "sink," as nearly as the lay of the ground would permit. Bart Noble was to give the signal. Each man was to rush forward and effect his purpose by the one resolute charge. Dead or alive

eir game must be bagged. The plan was perfect, save in one respect, and would doubtless have succeeded to a charm, had the enemy been where expected. The signal was given, the charge made, the eager diggers plunging down the steep sides of the sink with more valor than prudence, but the anticipated "circus" was not to be then.

To say that Bart Noble and his followers cursed long and loudly as the truth flashed unon them, is stating the case very mildly. recording angel must have used an elastic pen, or else some of the boys in flannel could not have received full credit for their half-hour of

Somebody set on me--do!" groaned Bart Noble, flinging his hat to the earth and stamp-"I'm too big a durned fool to live -jest fit to w'ar long clo'es an' diapers an' ck a bottle! Fooled by a woman an' a corntwisted greaser! I'll shave my b'ard off an' hire out fer a Chinee wash-woman!"

"It's lucky we're all in the same box," cried Dandy Dave, brightening up, "Thar hain't nobody to tell on us, an' I don't reckon thar's much danger o' this outfit lettin' it leak out." 'I'll lick the galoot as even dreams o' sech a thing," soberly added Noble.

There were many remarks and suggestions made, but only one that calls for especial mention. Long-legged Corneracker was the speaker. "I move we lay by an' recruit. I, fer one,

am mighty nigh tuckered out. Thar's a holler in me bigger'n a bull buffler's hump, an' I hev to prop my eyes open to boot! I move we grub an' snooze a bit." His motion was promptly seconded, though

a minority opposed it. It was held that all the harm had been done already. Beyond a doubt the gulch was now put in order to resist an assault, and a few hours one way or the other could do no especial harm. And reasoning thus, the company went into camp near the spot where they had tethered their animals, where a spring furnished them with an abundance of water. Food was scarcer, until a proposition was made which met with universal favor. Lots were drawn to see which man should sacrifice his horse for the benefit of all. The animal was butchered, several fires were kindled and the air was full of the odor of roasting "horse-beef."

After a hearty meal the vigilantes stretched themselves out upon the ground and speedily forgot their bitter disappointment in slumber. Not so Bart Noble. As leader of the party he

would not look well on paper.

For an hour or more he leaned against the owlder without motion. The fires gradually died out. The moon shone brightly, though at times obscured by light, fleecy clouds. It was during one of these intervals of moonlight that the watcher became fully aware that all was not right.

For several moments his gaze had been fixed upon what appeared to be a curiously-shaped powlder, lying near the center of a grassy plot. It more nearly resembled the moss-grown cut of a log, but that he knew it could not be, since the ground had been well-quartered in search of fuel, and such a stick would have been greedily snapped up. Then, while his eyes were vacantly fixed upon it, the seeming bowlder swiftly changed its position, disappearing behind a rock several yards nearer the fires.
Instantly Bart Noble was wide awake. He

knew now that the bowlder was a man, and armed, since he had caught a glimmer of steel in the moonlight. Crouching low down he cocked his revolver, its triple click sounding clear and distinct in the night-air. That the skulker heard it, was evident from his calling out, quickly, though in a guarded tone of

'Don't shoot—I am a friend!" "You act lots like a fri'nd! I reckon the woods is full o' sech fri'nds as you be!" retorted Bart, eagerly watching for a chance to send a bullet through the night-walker.

No, I am alone," replied the man, evidently interpreting the phrase literally. "Promise that you will not shoot, and I'll come out. I am only one; you are forty.'

"All right; long as you act straight you sha'n't be hurt. Show your mug, stranger The man promptly arose from his covert and approached. As the moonlight fell fairly upon his face Bart Noble recognized him. It was

"You come mighty nigh passin' in your checks that time, old man," grimly observed Noble, returning his revolver to its scabbard. 'I wouldn't advise ye to run the same resk ver ag'in.

"I've been watching your fires for over an hour, but I wouldn't speak out until I was sure. I know what you are after, and I can give you news that will please you. Chile Colorado is taken—"

"An' the gal?" eagerly cried the digger. "She, too," and then the Mexican briefly detailed the capture of Red Pepper. "More than that," he added; "you will find another of the accursed demons lying badly wounded in the house of Diego el Cojo, at the Spanish Quarter. The others you will probably find at Diamond Gulch."

"We tried that; s'arched through the hull "Did you look in the tunnel; about halfway between the houses and the mine, on the

east side?"

"I never saw no tunnel—" "They must have been hidden there-right under your hand and you let them escape!"
"We did the best we knowed how. A feller cain't hit bull's-eye every time, but we'll

rake 'em in vit. I'll call the boys an' we'll take saddle right away!" Ten seconds later the entire camp was on the alert, and wild cheers broke the air as Bart retailed the news brought by Jose Sylva

"S'posin' he's lyin'," suddenly cried Gopher.
Mebbe it's another trick. Ef they was a hole thar, big enough to hide three men, wouldn't we 'a' found it with all our huntin'?'

The tunnel is there," quietly uttered Sylva. "It runs clear through the eastern ridge. I will show you the way if you wish. You can pass through it, and take them by surprise, while your main force keeps them busy in

"You do that, old man, an' it'll be the best minnit we find it out, they won't be enough o' you left together to make a decent-sized fish

"I will show you the secret passage. That should satisfy you that I am telling you the truth and dealing honestly with you. lieve you will find them at the gulch, though I could not swear to it.

"We don't ax onpossibilities, pard. You do the best you kin an' we'll see to the rest Now, boys, thar's that cuss at Greasers' Flat. It'll be a nasty place to git him out of, ef he's got fri'nds thar. They may be a tough fight, an' somebody mought git hurt besides greasers. Who'll offer fer to go?"

You kin take your pick, boss," put in Dandy Dave; "beginnin' at me. Any o' the boys'll go, I reckon.

"You pick 'em, Dandy. You'll boss the job, an' it's ondly right you should hev your choice o' men to back ye. But mind. Take the cuss alive ef you kin, an' kerry him safe to town. The boys hain't hed a hangin' match fer a coon's age.

"Six boys 'll be more'n plenty," replied Dandy Dave, pronouncing the names of those whom he wished to bear him company.

Then the two parties separated, mounting their horses and riding briskly away upon their respective missions. Jose Sylva acted as guide to the main force, and, by his more intimate knowledge of the country, succeeded in leading them to Diamond Gulch by a far easier and shorter trail than the one which they had previously used. So expeditious were they that day had not yet dawned when the party drew rein just behind the point of rocks which concealed any one in the valley from view of such as might be keeping guard over the entrance to the gulch.

Bart Noble briefly repeated his instructions. In just two hours—Jose assured him that in that time he could lead them through the secret passage—the miners were to make a mock attack upon the entrance, though taking care not to expose themselves unnecessarily. That would be the signal for him to advance. At the first yell-in Bart's voice-from within,

they were to close in at once. The preliminaries arranged, ten men under Noble set off on foot, crossing the eastern ridge and striking into the same trail which e saw used by Big George and his brothers. The same difficulties had to be surmounted, but everything had been provided for, and considerably within the two hours which Sylva had specified the little band were at the opening of the tunnel. Through this the Mexican led the way, knife in hand. But the weapon was not needed. The tunnel was unoccupied other than themselves.

Crouching just within the edge of bushes, they carefully inspected their weapons, make ng sure that each cap was perfect and well fitted on the nipples. All was still within the fulch; so still that it seemed utterly deserted. Then came the signal from the valley berond, and, breaking forth, the miners rushed

(To be continued—commenced in No. 345.)

To bear is to conquer our fate.

#### WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume—
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me;
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs c'erhead.

To listen to all that my lover said; Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have east him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night-wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh! the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was coming with its dew at last,
And the sky with stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have

fied,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white me To listen to all that my lover said; Oh! the moon and stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not

And I'm sure that the wind—precious rover—
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover,
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell,
They wove 'round about us that night in the
dell,

In the path through the dew-laden clover; for echo the whispers that made my heart As they fell from the lips of my lover.

# Rifle and Tomahawk.

BY "TEXAS JACK." (J. B. OMOHONDRO.)

CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE MEETING.

WHEN Fearless Frank entered the cavern with the horses, he quickly secured them, and then sought the spot where lay Hart Moline, the Rose of the Rosebud supporting his head. Presently the burning eyes of the wounded man opened, and their gaze rested upon the

nandsome face of the scout. "Frank Singleton! great God! what a retribution," he gnashed, rather than said, through

"Yes, Hart Moline; it is Frank Singleton, and you have fallen by my hand; but not for the past did I slay you. No, though I hated you for that I would not do that. I slew you cause you are a renegade to your race.

'Ha! who says this?' I do! This very night I heard your plans with Sitting Bull, and I tracked you here to

punish you as you deserved."
"Will I die, Singleton? Say, is there no chance that I may live, for I would not die here like a dog?" cried the wretched man, ea-

"None! the bullet passed clear through your body. You are doomed, and it is better so; another week and your guilty soul would have more to answer for," sternly said the scout.

It has enough, God knows; but, tell me again, Singleton, is there not a shadow of hope for me? I do not wish to die, and beg you, for God's sake, save me! Save my life now, Sinrleton, and my blood will not be on your hands. on your soul. Remember, Frank, we were boys together, and then you loved me; I know you did, and dearly did I love you, so do not let your hand take my life.

At the wild entreaty of the man Frank Singleton shuddered, and his face became livid in

But he answered sadly: "It is too late now, Hart; the blow is given, and you cannot live; if I could, willingly now would I save you.

'Oh, God! oh, God! if there be a God, let

Him have mercy now on me. "Frank, you do not know all that I have done; you do not know of my crime-stained, wicked life, and how I have wronged you. Listen, Frank, and I will tell you all, even though you curse me for it.

'Frank, Marian never loved me. She loved you, and that turned my heart against you. 'Ay, when you went into the army, and were ordered off on the border. I determined to

break off the engagement between you and Ma-'It was hard to make her doubt you; hard indeed; but at last she severed the engagement

between you, and after a year I won her promise to become my wife "She told me frankly that she did not, and

never could love me as she did you; but I told her that I would be content, and, urged by her father, she became my wife.
"Well, I was always a wild, reckless fellow,

as you know, Frank, and quickly gambled away my property; but, ere I became a beggar, Marian left me, and came West with her father, who, having lost his means in speculation, determined to establish himself out here as a farmer.

"Shortly after their departure I got into a gambling difficulty, and in a fit of madness shot dead one of my comrades.

"Strange to say, I came West, found out Marian and her father, and was forgiven the past; but they knew not of my other and worse crime.

'By accident I got from the mail one day a bundle of papers for Marian's father; I opened the envelope, and found that my wife and her brother had inherited a large fortune, to be held in keeping by the father, or a guardian chosen by him, until my wife's brother should

'The devil tempted me then, and I began a worse career of crime, for I kept the legacy a secret, and—and—but I will confess it: I waylaid my father-in-law one night, as he was coming home, and shot him down.

You did this crime, Hart Moline?" "Wait and hear all. Frank-hear what a precious pet of Satan I have been.

Yes, I shot him, and none suspected me "Then I began to gamble again, and all the frontier towns knew me as a desperate man. 'At length, I drove my wife's brother from his home, and yet through all she clung to me, though I made her life a misery, her home a

very perdition. Determined at last to go East and attemp to claim my wife's property, I left her at Fort look.

R-, under the care of the commandant and his wife, and started for New York.

"There I found that the property was in the hands of a lawyer, who was as corrupt as myself, for he told me that if my wife were dead he would turn her share over to me-for a con

"I at once returned West, sought the fort, and was as good as man could be to his wife. and she seemed almost happy; but what is the matter, Frank?"

"Nothing! go on; I hear every word."
"The Rose of the Rosebud also has ears. The pale-face is a bad man; he has a black

heart," said the maiden, firmly. "There was one in the fort, a woman, for whom I held a guilty love, and to her I told my plan. It was to ride out on horseback Marian, and return in several days, saying that Indians had captured us, and that I had escaped.

"At a convenient distance I had two companions awaiting me—desperate characters, both of them.

"One of them I knew; the other I had never seen; he was engaged by the tool I hired. "Not to be recognized by him, I wore a heavy false beard, and when I put it on the act greatly frightened Marian, and she wished

"Soon after we met the two men at the appointed place, and we started for the Sioux untry, it being my intention to bring Marian hither, and give her to the Sioux."

Great God!" "Well you may exclaim at my wickedness, Singleton.

In spite of her entreaties and tears I came on with her until several nights ago, when, near the camps of the Sioux, we espied a scouting party of cavalry, and with a wild shriek Marian called to them

"They heard and came toward us-discovery would bring death to us, and I reluctant ly gave the order to my men to stop her

"They took me at my word-one of them dealing her a severe blow on the head, the other drawing his knife across her throat - oh, God! shut out the memory of that moment from me," and the miserable wretch hid his face

But the scout stood cold, stern and silenthis arms folded upon his breast.

"We could not leave her there to be discov ered, and one of the men took her across his saddle, and we sped away.

"Eluding the cavalry, I led the way to a spot I knew well—I had often camped there when hunting-and there we buried her, and-Oh, holy God! the grave has yielded up its

With eyes starting from their sockets, with scared, wild face, the man shrunk back, his arms stretched out as though to ward off some

horrid specter. Before him, like an avenging angel, with pale and haggard face, stood Marian—she whom

he believed in her grave! One wild, loud, piercing shriek, and Hart Moline's life had ended.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER MANY YEARS. THOUGH the eyes stared wildly, and the lips were parted, as though about to speak, Hart Moline was dead; his evil spirit had forever left its tenement of clay, his wicked heart had

eased its pulsations, never to throb again. From the dead man before her, from him who had been her husband, the poor woman, sinned against so cruelly, turned her large, lu minous eyes upon Frank Singleton, who still stood, with arms folded across his broad breast. gazing stern and silent upon the scene.

Weirdly beautiful she looked there in the moonlight, her face pale as death, and her riding-habit clinging close around her faultless form-more like a marble statue than a being of flesh and blood she seemed.

"Frank Singleton, thus we meet again, after six long years of separation. "I believed you false-you believed me false—his story, his tongue now palsied by death, has told how cruelly deceived we both

'My ears have drank in all. God knows I knew that he was wicked, I felt that he was evil at heart, yet I never believed him such as

he has this night confessed himself. It is hard for me to abhor the memory of him that was my husband; but so it must be. It is to you, then, that I owe my life-my release from an awful death, for so my kind

nore that you can tell, and will tell me one of these days. "But I am weak now. Though they struck at my life and failed, yet they have given me

nurse here has told me; there is more to tell,

much pain, and I need rest. "To you, Frank, I leave it, that I see not his body again, for even in death it is terrible." The woman turned slowly to move away, not even casting one glance upon the dead.

'Sister!' All started at the sound, and the woman turned back with a nervous shudder. "Sister Marian-I am here," came the voice

"Oh, God, Thou art good! It is my brother's voice! He has come to me," cried the woman.

The next instant a slender form bounded into the bright moonlight from the darkness of the cave. It was Ned Wylde, and with a glad cry he threw his arms around his sister. Those whom

ne sought he had found—the one he had track ed for love, the other he had trailed for re-Then from out the shadow came two other forms — Old Solitary and Montana Mike —for, with the boy, they had been quiet ob-

ervers of all that had transpired, having entered the cavern, but refrained from breaking in upon the death-scene. For a moment the brother and sister remain-

ed enfolded in a warm embrace, and then Frank Singleton said, kindly:

"Have you no word for me, Ned?"
"Indeed I have, Mr. Singleton. I have not forgotten you, young as I was when we last met, and now to you I owe more than to any one else living.

"Of that we will not speak, Ned; but your sister is weak, and she has had a terrible trial to-night—let the Rose of the Rosebud lead her into the tepee—and see, we must be off, for, ere long, daybreak will be upon us, and five housand Sioux warriors are within call of us. Will the Rose still care for the pale-face lady until she is strong enough to leave the village of the Sioux?"

'The Rose loves the lily of the pale-faces; she will be a sister to her," answered the maiden, twining her arm around the slender waist of Marian.

Suddenly a tall form bounded forward and confronted the Rose of the Rosebud.

It was Montana Mike, and he gazed into the face of the maiden with a startled, searching "Girl, who are you?" he asked, in a voice

ter of the Sioux nation," she answered, proud-

"No, no, no-who are you, girl? I say who are you?"
"The Rose of the Rosebud has spoken."

"No, you have not told me-speak! does the red blood of the Indian flow in your veins? "The Rose sprung up in a different soil from that which nurtures the red children of the plains. Once she was a pale-face, many moons ago; but those who loved her are gone," and

the maiden spoke sadly. "Oh, no, girl! Here is one who loves you. Rose Massey, you are my child!

"Ten long years ago the Sioux robbed me of home, wife and child—

"My wife's dead body I saw and buriedthe body of my daughter I never found—
"You are that child—speak, and tell me that you remember me, that you know your

father, and God will bless you." In earnest pleading the man stood before her, and as the bright moonlight fell full upon his face the maiden gazed thereon with a puzzled look, while all around awaited in silence

her answer. Gradually her face changed, the muscles quivered, the eyes drooped, and then were raised, and the bosom heaved convulsively-

memory was trooping up from the long-buried Again the eyes fell, the fingers were clasped together and worked nervously, and then her gaze rested once more upon the face of the

"Speak to her as was your wont in her childhood—call her by some pet name you had for her," whispered the scout, and his voice sounded hollow and strange; it seemed almost to

break the spell of a scene that was holy. "My Rose of the wildwood-come to your papa," said Montana Mike, trembling like a reed shaken by the wind, and his voice quiver-

ing with emotion. The eyes met his own, then, the arms were outstretched, and with a glad, thrilling ery, the maiden sprung forward, saying:

"Papa, oh, my papa, I know you now—you have come for your little Rose."

CHAPTER XXI.

When the gray dawn of approaching day began to brighten in the eastern skies, four horsemen rode slowly from the cavern behind the cataract, and set off at a rapid pace over

These four were Frank Singleton, Mike Masey, Fred Wylde and Old Solitary, who, havng forgotten his own Christian name himself,

it is no wonder that I can not recall it. Without sparing spur they pressed on rapdly, until they at length arrived in Crook's

Steadily advancing, though slowly, into the Indian country, General Crook greeted the return of Fearless Frank and his companions with delight, and the news brought him by the scout told him that a fight was near at handthat soon he must meet the famous Sitting

Bull and his thousands of braves Sooner than he had expected the battle came -the Battle of the Rosebud, the result of which is already known to those who have thus far read my romance of the recent war with the

Though the Indians temporarily checked the advance of General Crook, by their splendid fighting, and the superb generalship of their chiefs, they were also glad to retreat, and at once deserted their camps on the Rosebud, oushing further into the mountains.

Following closely upon the retreating Sioux, were four daring scouts, who had distinguished themselves in the Battle of the Rosebud, and need not be again presented to the reader. As the last warrior filed over the hills, where had stood his mountain village, Fearless Frank

spray of the cascade, and found themselves is he open glen. The tepee of the Medicine Queen was gow., and the spot looked deserted, but from the cedars on the hillside glided two slender forms-

and his three companions dashed through the

Marian and Rose. Warmly they greeted their friends, and ten minutes after they were mounted upon ponies which the Rose of the Rosebud, never suspected of being a traitress to the Sioux, had con-

Greatly improved by her rest, and the kind wounds nearly healed, Marian expressed herself as able to undertake a long journey, and the party at once set out for the camp of Gen-From there they went back to the settlements, where Mike Massey, long known as

Montana Mike, intended securing a comfortable home for his newly found daughter, while he rejoined General Crook as a scout. But to this, Marian and Ned Wylde would not listen; they insisted that the lovely girl should accompany them to New York, where it was their intention to at once take possess-

ion of the property to which they had fallen With sad farewells the party at last separated, Ned Wylde, his lovely sister, and the Rose of the Rosebud taking the cars for New York, and Frank Singleton, Mike Massey and Old Solitary mounting their horses and setting out once

more to meet the dangers of the war-path against the cruel Sioux. Perhaps, one of these days, Frank Singleton and Marian may become man and wife, and Ned Wylde, the gallant boy scout, may lead to the altar the beautiful Rose of the Rosebud-it may be, and it may not-who

can tell? Yet, certain I am, that Old Solitary will never marry as long as he can find a Sioux to go for with Rifle and Tomahawk. THE END.

HAVE COURAGE.—It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which hapoen to our trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous, that, by the representation the better, the worst may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet home is left me still, and my land, or I have a virtuous wife, hopeful children, kind friends, and good hopes. If I have lost one child, it may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present, whatsoever it may be, and do not be over solicitous for the future, for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward toward to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want drink the next day. If tomorrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten to meet it. Let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to to-

that shook with emotion.
"I am the Rose of the Rosebud—the daugh-

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"And now," said Gail, "since I have gone just seem to have been created to fill. It is, all in into the furnishing line, I may as well order a all, so

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## Sunshine Papers.

Does it Pay?

EVERYTHING had gone wrong that morning and it was with a real sigh of relief that stepped up my friend's brown stone stoop and impatiently pulled at her door-bell. Here, at least, I should forget the little vexations that were fretting me; and my soul would be raised to a higher plane of thought than the lovely new reception-dress that I wanted to possess and that haunted me impudently with visions alike of its beauty and its monetary value, and kept me in a harassing state of mental conflict between extravagant desires and conscientious scruples.

Gail, herself, came to the door, all hatted and gloved and cloaked.

'Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she said. And that made me happy, for Gail only says such things when she means them. Gail is a remarkable woman, you will perceive.

Mother Eve suggested my answering re-

"Where have you been?"

"I haven't been yet; I'm just going—down town to buy a lounge—one of those broad, delicious, Turkish lounges—and you must go and help me pick it out.'

We went, regaling our souls on the way with such high and lofty themes as Baroness Tautphoeus' novels, Marian Harland's Cook-Book, democratic processions, who was president elect, and Helen's babies. As we pas well-known furniture warehouse I interrupted Gail, in the midst of a fine peroration on politics, to ask:

Aren't you going to stop at Holland's?" "No!" said that little woman, exhibiting more viciousness than even the discussion of politics had caused her to display. "They're a very disagreeable, disobliging firm. We have bought several hundred dollars' worth of furniture from them, within a few months, and, though we are very well pleased with our pur-chases, they have shown themselves so excessively churlish, that I have fully made up my mind not to deal with them again, as long as I cand find just as good articles elsewhere."

We went to an art-gallery, where we spent a delightful half hour examining pictures. Then we walked on in search of a furniture

"I think I'll go in here," said Gail.

I looked up at the name. "It is an exceedingly high-priced place," re narked I, suggestively, not knowing the relative condition between the state of Gail's finances and the "hard times." "Why don't you go into Baily's? It is only a couple of doors below.

"I know," said Gail, looking rather meditative; "but I'll just look here; though if the prices are very high, I won't do anything out of spite; for, to tell the truth, my objection o going to Baily's is, perhaps, a silly one. stopped there a day or two since to look at and price their lounges, and, when they found that I vasn't going to buy that day, they were so surly they would scarcely show me anything, r answer a question. I must acknowledge have a penchant for dealing with people who have pleasant faces and agreeable manners."

A similar weakness in my own constitution aused me to smile indulgently, and we entered

Gail selected the most tempting of Turkish bunges, at eighty-five dollars; then she thought of a handsome chair at home, that needed re-covering. The crimson goods for that, the dainty satin stripe, gimp and fringe caused the withdrawal of six more dollar green-backs from Gail's pocket-book.

'You see it will make a handsome Christmas gift to brother Rob, after I re-cover it handsomely," she explained to me; then stopped with a prolonged exclamation. lovely secretaire! just what I had decided to give husband for his Christmas." And after the urbane dealer had expatiated to us upon Who stole sweet Minnie Ellis? That is what the the several merits of some twenty of that particular article of furniture, Gail had her card

> new library table; and I'll go without my amel's hair suit two or three weeks longer, though I intended doing vice versa."

> And, after another thirty dollars passed into the furniture man's hand, Gail and I started homeward, she remarking, with a great deal of satisfaction, as she deposited herself on the car

> "I'm so glad that I got every one of those articles as nice and as cheap as I could have done at Holland's or Baily's, without having to go to either of those old places!"—the last clause given in a rather vengeful and spiteful manner, considering that Gail is reputed an incommonly sweet-tempered little woman.

> "Eighty-five and six are ninety-one, and forty is a hundred and thirty-one, and thirty is a hundred and sixty-one," said I, doing a men-tal sum in addition. "A hundred-and-sixtyone-dollar-sale lost to one firm, for the lack of trifling courtesy. Does it pay?

"Does what pay?" asked Gail, in surprise. for my mental philosophizings had, quite unconsciously to myself, terminated in vocal ex-

"I was wondering if it ever paid to neglect an opportunity of doing or saying something

"I don't believe it does," said Gail, quite innocently. "Only yesterday morning I got in a car, to ride down-town, and found I had left my pocket-book home; and when I asked the conductor to stop, he said, 'Oh! never mind. ma'am; you can pay me the next time you ride on my car;' and, as he returned to the platform, I heard him tell a man, 'I wouldn't put her to no trouble, nohow, for she's a real lady, -one of the kind that always says, "Will you olease," and "Thank you.

But perhaps Gail and I are prejudiced. leave it to you. Does uniform courtesy and politeness pay? A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### IMPORTANT PEOPLE.

THERE are some individuals traveling over this globe who appear to have an idea that the world was created for their especial benefit, and that all other folks by whom they are surrounded, are only tolerated because theythe tolerated ones—were merely created to minister to their—the important personages' omforts and conveniences.

These important personages will enter upon new trade, or profession, and will earnestly strive to make you believe that they know those who have had a life-long experience at times disgusting, and you can not help setting them down as bores of the first degree. They give uncalled-for advice; they will tell a gifted artist how he should paint—a star actor how he should perform—a writer how at once, with the newsdealer for the next issue of the Saturday Journal—the great Holiday Number! his romances should be penned, and an editor how his periodical should be conducted: and

yet they couldn't do one of these things them selves. If they endeavor to do so, what is the result but dire and discreditable failure?

These important personages are always positive that they are in the right, and, be-cause they consider themselves so to be, of course, every one else must be in error, and the often have the impudence, impertinence and bad manners to flatly contradict you on matters which others than yourselves know to be right. When convinced of their error—if you can convince such disagreeable people—the consider themselves of too much consequence to apologize, conceiving it to be "beneath their dignity" to do so. I have always thought it a good trait in a person's character to be willing to ask forgiveness for being in the wrong; it seems to me people are more gentlemanly more lady-like and truer Christians for doing so; but you know I have some Lawless and peuliar views concerning life and its duties!

These self-important beings push their way through the world, crowding every one out of their place; perhaps, in their course, they will run "full tilt" against another and almost put his eye out by the brims of their hats. Will they say "Excuse me," or "I beg your pardon?" Not they! it would be "beneath their dignity." I suppose if they saw a man drown ing, or a woman starving, it would be "be neath their dignity" to save their lives. Be lieving themselves to be somebody "of conse quence," they hope to force others to believe them so, and at their beck and call hundreds will come—so weak is human nature!

They may be elected to an office under gov ernment, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care of themselves. Yet, with all this, they are feted, and dined, and made much of. You know the old proverb—" some men are overvalued though nothing worth." Their great fear is that the world will cease to be when they leave it -that everything will become like chaos when they die. Dear fools! Will life be worth the living-will existence possess any charms for us when they pass away? Will we not be likely to retire into some corner and weep our eyes

out? Of course! It is enough to vex the spirit of a saint to witness these self-important beings in their detestable role, and notice the real deserving ones so little appreciated—those who toil on, day after day with but little change in their nonotonous lives; yet, I think, they must be far happier in their humble sphere, knowing that they are performing the work that God set them to do, than those who carry a high head, a haughty spirit, and a begrudging

I never notice one of these self-important creatures but I want to poke his eyes out with my parasol. I don't do it, because it wouldn't be polite! I refrain, because it would be "beneath the dignity" of EVE LAWLESS.

Bear in Mind !- The Chromo, "Look at me. famma," will only be bestowed as a FREE GIFT upon purchasers of the regular or first edition of th JOURNAL, (which, for the occasion, will be just not BLE ITS USUAL QUANTITY); but, after that edition i exhausted, and the newsdealer has sold his supply, it can only be had by a FOUR MONTHS' SUB-SCRIPTION to the JOURNAL. All such subscribers erms one dollar,) will be served in the actual orde f subscription. Subscribe through the news-agent er, if no news-agent is accessible, send subscription (one dollar) direct to the publishers, and be served with the SATURDAY JURNAL for FOUR MONTHS, and the exquisite Chromo, "LOOK AT ME, MAMMA!

### Foolscap Papers.

Concerning the Shoemaker.

On behalf of long-suffering humanity, and specially mankind, I proceed to put a heaviest number twelve stoga boot down upon the shoe-maker, and if I can crush him I shall be ready to receive the thanks of the world, postage pre

you don't want them, and then proceeds by his powers of eminent persuasion to make you be lieve against your own will that those are just the boots you require.

The difference between his cheek and a side of sole-leather could never be distinctly illus trated.

If one foot is a little larger than the other foot which is smaller, or, in other words, if one foot happens to be a little smaller than the other foot which is larger, he is punctually sure to get them reversed.

He never gets tired to have you come up and ask when you shall come again after those boots, and is jovially patient, never losing his good humor. It don't seem to trouble him in the least-no matter whether it does you or

He makes more tight boots than loose on and one pair of loose boots are worth more

than two pairs of tight ones. A pair of condensed boots he will coolly in orm you will stretch after the first wearing, and if you take his word and the boots you wil find they get tighter all the time, until you are liable to get tight yourself, and if you have kindly taken to corns at every step you take an earnest desire arises inside of those boots to have an opportunity to wear them out on him

in the least possible time. If you complain to him for being so penurious with his leather he will tell you the boots are big enough for anybody, and that your feet ought to be smaller, a fact with which you will readily agree; and when he puts th back on the boot-tree to let them grow a little more and ripen, and you put them on again, you walk away feeling easier, but the boots go back on you, and if your religion doesn't suffer along with your feet you will nevertheless earnestly desire to stretch those boots over that shoemaker's head until he gets corns on his nose and bunions on his cheek

The shoemaker sets more misery on foot than any other calamity; it would fill volumes, and his biography should be bound in calf.

He works at the foundations of society, and with his high and little heels he will eventual ly overthrow it. Though always at the feet of man he is far from being the humble personage you would

Peg by peg he rises up in the scale of tor ture, and he would make a splendid superintendent of the Spanish Inquisition.

He invariably makes your boots with a sixoctave squeak in them-for you know he adertises that his work always speaks for itself, and you are not inclined to doubt it. If the leather gives way he will convince you

with the most reasonable logic that you burned them, even when you know you haven't been near a stove all summer. He will make a boot in the most outraged

shape so that it looks like anything else and then coolly proceed to call it fashionable.

boots, and yet they run down themselves in a terrible manne

If you should tell him that he didn't put call n those boots he will smile and tell you that ou are in them. You have to put on his boots with a jack

crew and take them off with a corkscrew, and either way it is the tug of war. He can cut the upper neatly in trimming the

sole and black it over so nicely that you will never know it until you see it. He wouldn't be happy if he didn't leave half

the pegs in the boot, and if he should accidentally happen to get them all out he will proeed to put some more in He always sews the straps on so they will et go on a tight pull, and you go over back

ward and try to poke your head through the He tells you that leather is from France (some 3,000 miles) when it never was any nearer France than that tannery down on the

It is no use to try to get him to wait as long for the money as you do for the boots. That vould be bootless.

You can't get your boots footed without footing the bill. That's the shoemaker's footing,

When the shoemaker approaches his last, pegs out, comes to a waxed end, a lap-stone will be placed at his head, inscribed: "His sole has gone to the solar system, and this is awl of Yours, sole-ly,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

The Difference.-The Christian Union gave 'Fast Asleep'' or "Wide Awake" to each of its ubscribers who paid for one whole year's subscrip-

tion to the paper-three dollars. The SATURDAY JOURNAL presents the more valuble and expensive companion-piece to "Fast Asleep" and "Wide Awake" (by the same artist and engravers), to every purchaser of the first edi tion of the next week's number!

And, to all who fail to thus secure a copy, we will thereafter supply the oleograph, "Look at me Mamma," as already stated, simply for a four months' subscription to the Journal-one dollar.

### Topics of the Time.

—How like romance Dr. Legrand's story—elsewhere given—reads, of the lost land of Frisland! And yet, why should it excite surprise and wonder? Nature's changes are in incessant operation. The coast is sinking very perceptibly in Italy; it is rising in Norway. It is rising, indeed, along our own Atlantic sea-board, and geologists tell us that New York city will, in a thousand years, be inland so far as to be compelled to do all its commerce through the Lower Bay. Tradition speaks of the lost continent of Atlantis, lying out in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean. Deep sea soundings have established the Ocean. Deep sea soundings have established the fact that a continent between North America and Asia lies not far beneath the surface of the Pacific. It is supposed to have gone down beneath the sea within a period not so distant as the origin of the Chinese race.

—The roads in some parts of Germany are lined along the entire distance with rows of poplars, or of apple-trees, the branches of which latter bend beneath the weight of the fruit. A fine of three shillings is the penalty for plucking the fruit; consequently it is permitted to ripen, and the owners of the community reap the benefit of their foresight in planting shade trees at once beautiful and profitable. In this country we cut down all trees along the roadside, for the fools who call themselves "road-masters" say fools who call themselves "road-masters" say the trees keep the roads damp! Mile after mile of roads everywhere wholly destitute of shade! What a comment on American sense!

-Steamboat captains in Florida say that the especially in the marshes and lakes of the upper St. John's. A few years ago the skips were in St. John's. A few years ago the skins were in demand at from 50 cents to \$1 each, and thousands were slaughtered. In one instance a man killed within five months over 1,000 to fill a contract, but as that species of leather soon went out of fashion the business declined. The teeth frequently command high prices, and are a standard article of commerce in the Southern market, mainly for ornamental purposes.

-The London Veterinary Journal advocates a simple and inexpensive appliance to prevent horses from falling in winter. It consists simply of one or more steel studs, set into the horse's One in front is sufficient, but for heav work two more at the sides are recommended. The stud is a square bit of steel nearly an inch long, pointed at one end and tapering slightly from about the middle of the other that enters the shoe. No filing or finishing is necessary, and any blacksmith can make a large number in a very short time out of an old rasp or file. The stud must fit tightly, care being taken that it does not "wobble," and that it does not pass quite through the shoe. The hole is made with an orthrough the shoe. The hole is made with an dinary square punch. This simple system has proved very efficient after an extensive trial, and saves horses great pain, suffering, and often fatal

-The Colorado beetle or potato bug has not wholly "played out" by dropping into the At-antic. He swarmed all along the sea shore, all ast summer, evidently to hear what the wild last summer, evidently to hear what the wild waves were saying, but there are plenty left yet to annoy us next season. We dug up on our place, the other day, ground that was literally alive with the pest. We are happy to have Prof. Riley tell us that this beetle has at last found its match in the shape of a mite parasite. Professor Riley, at a meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Science, exhibited a potato bug which was so completely covered with a mite parasite that the point of a needle could not be placed on any part of the beetle's body without touching one of the parasites. He estimated the number of mites at 800. The bug had been attacked by these enemies and killed. The potato bug seems to have a number of natural enemies, such as the toad, the crow, the rose-breasted gross-beak, and domestic fowls. There are no less than twenty-three insect enemies that attack to kill it, but notwithstanding all this he seems to be able to hold his own wonderfully well. We estimate that we killed ten trillions last year, and for the coming year shall try to do better! Who can go us one better?

—The Oregon papers describe some boiling springs in Wasco County whence flow streams of chloride of silver. The waters are so surcharged with soapy gray silver that a stone will not sink in them, and when a crowbar is forced down into a pool the specific gravity of the mass will throw it back into the air like an arrow shot \$9,000 a ton, and there are 160 acres of these springs. As a matter of course, the Comstock lode will be abandoned and all Nevada will move to Oregon! A Gold Hill reporter springs to the rescue of Nevada. The streets in the town were rescue of Nevada. The streets in the town were macadamized with silver one of low grade from the waste of the mines and are literally paved with silver. A handful of gravel which the reporter picked up in a trench on Main St. yielded \$2 25 gold and \$3 75 silver, the average being \$6 to the ton. The rarrity of the atmosphere in these Western towns seems to favor electricity of to the ton. The rarity of the atmosphere in these Western towns seems to favor elasticity of

-The Black Hills Pioneer says: "Judge Ford, of this city, formerly of Bismarck, loaned General Custer a famous dog. The dog accompanied the General during the engagement against Sitting Bull. Ten days after the battle the dog returned to Fort Lincoln, a distance of 500 miles, in search of his master."

#### Readers and Contributors.

Declined: ""My Native Land;" "Minnie;" Verses;' "The Bachelor;" "A Speck of War;" The Deceitful Bride;" "Shamokin George; The Holly's Story."

Accepted: "The Answer;" "The Rascally Ruse;" An Expensive Lesson;" "Miss Morris First roposal;" "The Mink Muff;" "May I Come?" Old Eyes and Young Cheeks;" "The Tuneful

L. E. W. See our terms at head of fourth page. We have no other "club rates." Will answer other query in a later number.

L. LAR. The case often occurs. The child is oth second uncle by consanguinity and second ousin by marriage. Periodes. Ms. is somewhat crude, or, rather, im-nature. Young persons have got to grow up to lit-erary work.

H.J.W. There is no cure if the affection is not due to disease. Wash nightly; put a little borax in the water; then rub dry, and with the hand rub in a weak solution of carbolic acid.

GERMANTOWN. Our readers, we think, would ardly care for a sequel to the story. Such of the actropolitan weeklies as make a specialty of blood "will be its proper repository.

S. McE., Boston. As each trainer has his own peculiar views on training and diet, for boating caces, you will have to consult some "professional." Fraining is only practiced under system and a good regimen.

HARRY E. Your sister is right. Never eat with your knife. Cut with the knife and eat with the fork—that is what each is for. No person can thrust a knife-blade in the mouth without looking

Isaac Mc. The coins of Austria are: Gold ducat, 228, sovereign, 675, crown, 664. Silver, old dollar, 102, old scudo, 104, old florin, fifty-one, new do., forty-eight; new dollar, seventy-two, Maria Theresa dollar, 102.

Widow Neal. Don't know much about the new sewing-machine If it is an improvement on the old it must be very good.—We use the Coats thread as the best for hand and machine work. It certainly well deserves the Centennial Exposition commendation it won.

dation it won.

"COUNTRY COUSINS" ask: "What is the newest evening shade in kid gloves? How do young girls wear their hair?"—The newest evening shade is a very pale buff or lemon bordering on the green.—The latest novelty in hair-dressing is to wear the tresses low in the neck, confined in a silk net of some brilliant color—navy-blue, cardinal and such. Also, the hair is worn in a French twist, or in one braid caught high on the head, or looped low on the neck.

caught high on the head, or looped low on the neck.

Ben R. O., asks: "Can you tell a country boy of a pretty present that he can make, all by himself, for his mother, for Christmas?"—If there is any nice spruce wood about where you live, suppose you gather some of the twigs and small branches. Lay each twig upon a flat board and scrapel it lengthwise, in the direction of its leaves, until they are removed, leaving only the brown, prickly wood. Then procure two goblets, and cover them as smoothly as possible with brown paper muslin, glueing it on. Split your spruce wood, or use very small twigs, and cover the goblet, glueing the pieces lengthwise. Ornament the top with the buds, or with bits of gray moss or lichen, and if done neatly you will have a very handsome pair of vases.

Lemuel Kline writes: "For some time I have

with bits of gray moss or lichen, and if done neatly you will have a very handsome pair of vases.

Lemuel Kline writes: "For some time I have loved a very nice young lady; but when I asked her to marry me she refused, though she said we might be friends, and she had no objection to my calling in a friendly way. She gave me no reason for her refusal, but I know she considers herself rather above me in station and education. Still, I think she likes me; and no doubt had I been rich she would have overlooked other matters. Sometimes when I call on her there is a gentleman there, who, I think, is her style, exactly; but I do not like him. But when I say anything about him, she is very much displeased. I suppose I have no right to be offended that she receives other gentlemen callers, yet I can not bear to see her making such friends of other gentlemen. What ought I to do about it?"—Either make up your mind to try and win the lady, or else cease visiting her. If you are persevering, and thoroughly in love, we do not see why you should not attempt to make yourself her equal in point of education; and then, if you are honest, intelligent, and industrious, with a fair chance of acquiring a competency, you may yet succeed in winning the prize you covet.

Additional care and the prize you covet.

succeed in winning the prize you covet.

ADDIE N., writes: "Not long since I called upon a lady friend, and while waiting for her appearance another caller came—a gentleman, and a stranger to me. We were in the room together about fen minutes before our hostess appeared. Would it have been a breach of etiquette had we entered into conversation? At a promenade concert or any place where a person meeting an acquaintance once is apt to meet them again a number of times, is it necessary to bow every time you meet your friend?"—It would not have been amiss, under the circumstances you mention, for you and the gentlement to have spoken to each other. But such conversation, followed by no formal introduction, would not have constituted you acquaintances at any other time that you might happen to meet.—At a public place where you are likely to meet acquaintances several times in succession, but one recognition is necessary.

Eugenia G., asks: "May a young lady give a Christmas present to a young gentleman with whom she is merely acquainted, but who is an intimate friend? The circumstances are these: The gentleman at one time had it in his power to show me a great many little politenesses and make matters, for some time, very pleasant; and he was so unfailingly kind that I would like to make him some handsome token of my appreciation of his gentlemanliness. If you approve of my suggestions, would you kindly advise something handsome, which I can make myself?"—It would be quite proper for you to make the gift of which you speak. Suppose you purchase a half yard of white Panama canvas; a half yard of rose-pink silk (not too heavy quality); two yards of box-plaited, rose-pink, satin ribbon; half an ounce of sachet powder, and two skeins of rose-pink filing silk. Embroider the corners of the canvas and an initial in its center; put the powder between two thin sheets of exton wadding, and, laying the silk thereon, quilt in fine diamonds with white or pink machine twist. Bind the canvas and the quilted silk neatly together and trim the edge all around, inside and out, with the plaited ribbon. Bend the four corners until they meet in the middle, where they are tied with a handsome bow, and you will have a very hand-some mouchoir case. EUGENIA G., asks: "May a young lady give a

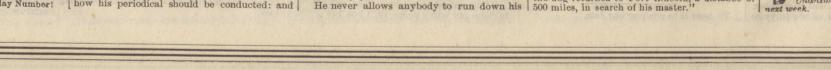
CARRIE AND JOSIE ask: "Do you think it is wrong for two girls of sixteen and seventeen years to have particular young gentlemen to call on them twice a week; and also, do you think it wrong for them to put their arms around them and kiss them, provided they are good young men, and older than themselves. What do you think of my writing?"—Young girls of the age you mention should have no gentlemen callers, as regularly as twice a week, unless with the consent of their parents or guardians, who are well acquainted with the gentlemen, as they will be supposed to be engaged to the parties whose visits are so frequent. Such familiarities of embracing are wrong, except where the gentlemen are engaged to the ladies, and you may be very sure, however well they may disguise the fact, the gentlemen themselves have a hearty contempt for ladies who so far forget their own self-respect as to allow such liberties. If they are good young men, and older than yourselves, they will not offer such familiarity, unless you are under an engagement of marriage. A young girl loss nothing, but certainly gains respect, where she permits no liberties of the kind, but preserves a modest, dignified deportment in the presence of gentlemen.—Your handwriting is fair, but, as you see, the grammar of your letter has been corrected.

"CLERKSHIP" writes: "You are so kind to oth-

the grammar of your letter has been corrected.

"CLERKSHIP' writes: "You are so kind to others, I have ventured to bring my trouble to you. I have put aside fifteen dollars to spend for Christmas gifts. It is all that I can spare; but out of that I want to give six presents—my father, mother, sister of sixteen, sister of nineteen, a dear chum, and a lady friend, are all to be remembered. Will you suggest upon what I can spend the amount named, to give the most pleasure to my friends?"—For father—a newspaper-rack, blacking-brush case, a book, dog-skin gloves, or set for cigars, ashes, and matches, any of which articles may be purchased for two dollars, or under, making that your limit. For mother—a fruit-knife, book, picture, work-basket, embroidered set of collar and cuffs, or handsome tie, not going higher than two dollars. Four more dollars will purchase a handsome tie, a pair of kid gloves, a bottle of perfumery, vases, toilet-set, bracelet, pocket-'ook, or card-case for each sister. Then, if you spend two dollars upon a knife, tooth-piek, card-case, paper-cutter, silk handkerchief or perfumery for your chum, you will have five dollars left to expend upon your "lady friend"—about whose gift, if you are like young men in general, you are most anxious. Five dollars will purchase her a pretty gold pencil, an elegant book of poems, a delicate transparency for a window, a picture, a case of perfumery, a little bronze ornament for a writing-desk, an album, a Parian marble figure (small), a porcelain card-receiver, etc.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear



#### A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

What was that light in the Western orient,
Melting the cloud-cascades to flame?
What was that sound whose thund'rous echo
Startled the world from main to main?
What was it burnished resting plowshares,
Kindling a yeoman's hopes and fears?
What? 'Twas one word whose scintillant
splendor

Burns in the crown of a hundred years.

A hundred years! Ring out the triumph, The old bell pealed as patriots trod! Bind the patriarch's brow with silver Coined from smiles of Freedom's God!

What was it reared the mammoth bulwarks,
Where couchant thought sprung into light;
Where woke the blazing eye of Genius;
Where deathless minds demanded Right?
What was it oped the magic gateway,
The brain s highway—the court of seers—?
The mighty Press—the people's guardian—
The master-stroke of a hundred years.

What was it trod with iron footsteps
O'er trackless seas with trackless stride,
Bearing a living, breathing freightage
From land to land on every side?
Strode, while a world stood mazed in wonder,
Stilling the shout for her prince of peers?
Let it resound, crown Fulton victor—
The giant mind of a hundred years.

What was it bound the flights of fancy
With quivering bonds of living steel,
Sending our thoughts through aerial regions,
Surprising Time at his onward wheel?
Girdling the earth, dividing waters
A huge leviathan appears
Boundless the Field who loosed the monster,
The master-work of a hundred years.

What was it tinged our herald-morning
With snows of peace, with vivid bars?
What was it struck one grand reveille?
What was it lit our blazoned stars?
What is it comes with soft-toned cadence?
A century's sighs, a century's tears—
These are the gems of shimmering luster
That mists the crown of a hundred years.

A hundred years! Strike peals of triumph: Shout loud, oh, earth! respond, ye sea! A nation's God protect our freedom, Till Time, itself, no more shall be!

## Great Adventurers. THE NORSEMEN.

The Old Sea-Kings and "Vineland."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THAT Columbus was not the first European to look upon the Western World is now a con-

ceded historic fact. And it seems to be almost equally well proven that, eight hundred years ago, northern America was much less frigid and inhospitable

than at the present day. The fact that in Siberia, along the Arctic Sea coast line, is one of our regular sources of ivory supply, from the tusks of the now extinct mastodon, is in itself pretty conclusive evidence of at least a temperate climate in that region. So vast must have been the herds of these immense creatures that the forest growth to sustain them must also have been of rank luxuriance, But, to-day, and since the historic record with the Arctic zone commenced-say for four hundred years - no herbivorous animal has or has had its habitat there save the moss and lichen-eating deer and

The Norsemen, or "Sea-Kings," who, for nearly two centuries, were the terror of the British Isles, and swarmed all over the North Sea, after the Roman decadence, came from Scandinavia — what is now Norway, Sweden, Denmark and the Baltic coasts. mere ice-land could have produced such a race of adventurers; the "Halls of Odin" and the realms of Thor were not possible in a land of snow and berg. Under all the favoring circumstances of modern civilization those countries what this provided was a countries of the countries tries are but thinly peopled, save in the more southern extremity.

The cold zone has been slowly but sensibly creeping down from the north. Within a few years it has been announced that Iceland, after having been peopled for nearly a thousand years, is no longer habitable. Where once, on its surface, were pleasant farms, are now only desert wastes, verdureless and frigid. Just a little rim along the sea, where the Gulf Stream current tempers the air, is now habitable at all, and even there the intelligent and hardy Icelanders have a struggle for life that is depopulating the old Danish province, and in a few years, in all probability, we shall witness the entire desertion of that old Norse domain Its towns, its public buildings, its homes will

remain alone and tenantless in cold desolation. Iceland, discovered A. D. 861, was peopled about the year 870, by the Danes, and soon became a flourishing colony. From thence it was an easy step to Greenland; so a colony was planted there in the year 889. It was named Greenland from the green hue of its hills and valleys, and was considered an important acquisition. Under Eric the Red. the colony grew; hamlets and even towns sprung up, and a spirit of enterprise prevailed that indicated everything else than a frigid temperature ten months of the year, as is the condition there to-day.

An Icelander named Herolf (or Herjulf) and his son Biorn (or Bjorn), trading in two vessels between Norway and Iceland, were separated, A. D. 1001, by a storm, and when the son finally reached Norway he learned that his father had sailed for Eric's colony in Greenland; so thither he determined to follow. He was buffeted by a powerful north wind that drove his little vessel, for days, before it, to the south-west. He at length struck a lowlying land, covered with forests, with an island off the coast. He returned northward to Eric's colony, and the announcement of the discovery so inflamed the spirit of adventure, there, that Lief, the son of Eric, governor of the colony, fitted out a vessel, and with a crew of twenty-five men, and Biorn for pilot, he started for the new country, A. D. 1002. He first sighted a coast which he named Helleland (Land of Rocks), supposed to be Labrador. Running south, he soon found a land of low, wood-covered shores, with a beach of very white sand. This he named Marlkland (Land of Wood)—supposed to be Newfoundland, east coast. Two days' more sailing and he made land again—a small island before the main There he landed, and found the climate, soil, and products all encouraging. Embarking again, he rounded what is supposed to have south-east extremity of Newfoundland, and sailed west, until he came to a river. Up this he ran (supposed to be Fortune Bay), and finding a creek, ran up it. Everything was pleasant—air balmy, land covered with richest verdure, the bushes bearing berries, and in the woods were found grapes, which a German among the crew informed the Danes were the source of wine. Everything was so inviting that they resolved to tarry there for the winter, and did so, christening it Winland in deference to its riches in vines—or, more Country. The winter was passed pleasantly, bed. Then ice-fields began to collect along all

and the vessel returned, next spring (A D. the coast between Greenland and Iceland, and, 1003), to Greenland to report the good news. A number of the adventurers had remained to found a colony. And this was the first Eu-

ropean settlement in America.

Grave discussions followed over the location of Winland (or Vinland.) The historians who have dragged to light the old records of these voyages—well preserved in Icelandic literature—have different views of the precise location. Dr. Forster is inclined to fix it at the head of the Bay of Exploits, on the east coast of the island, for the reason that the landmarks are favorable, and because the chroniclers announced that the sun arose on the shortest day at eight o'clock. This would make it on parallel 49°—where Forster indicates. But others see it differently. There are not wanting good reasons to sustain the text we have accepted, which gives the colony a far more favorable location than in the bleak region around the Bay of Exploits. There the cold north-east winds are very hard to endure, while on the south coast of the island, along which sweeps the warm current of the tide in from the Gulf Stream, the surroundings are wholly consistent with a land of vines.

Voyages between Greenland and Vinland followed. In 1004 the colonists first found natives. That summer three canoes, containing three men in each, came in the bay. The Norsemen killed them all save one, who escaped, and paddling away, informed his tribe of the slaughter and brought them down upon the invaders, whose ships now rode at anchor in the waters. The natives were easily driven off. They were called by the colonists Skralings (chips or dwarfs) from their diminutive size, and are supposed to have been Esquimaux from Labrador above, who probably ran down the west coast of Newfoundland every summer in pursuit of fish, game, fruit, etc.

This encounter, however, opened communication with the natives, and a profitable commerce in furs sprung up, which continued for years, antil the quarrels of rival chiefs and wars at home wrought disaster to the colony. and from all that can be learned, those of the Norsemen who remained amalgamated with the natives and produced the race that was found on Newfoundland by the English—a race wholly unlike any other in color, features, ha bits and language.

In the year 1121, Eric, bishop of Greenland, went to Winland to recover his countrymen from the savage condition into which they had degenerated, but, strange to tell, Eric and all

his followers never more were heard of. The sagas or old-time stories detail the progress of this deterioration of the settlers until, in the year 1050, a priest sent for their recon rersion was cruelly murdered by them. After that they seem to have been given up until the good bishop Eric, as above stated, resolved to eclaim his lost brethren. Whether Eric was lost at sea, or perished at the hands of his degenerate countrymen, never will be known. From that date the Norsemen in Vinland wholly disappear from observation or men-

Had Greenland prospered, doubtless the nev ountry would have been reclaimed; but it is supposed that about that time climatic changes took place, rendering it yearly more difficult to maintain the colonies there. What caused this change we will try to indicate.

While the fever of adventure was on the Norsemen, in the first years of the discovery of the continent, it is presumed that they cruised along down the coast to Cape Cod or Newport Bay, for many antiquarians see in the celebrated and most mysterious Round Tower of Newport a certain sign of their presence there; but it is yet to be proven that that Tower is their handiwork. It certainly was the work of a civilized race, built, as it is, with architectural skill and nicety, with selected stone, laid up with a strong mortar. For what purpose it was erected no one can say. simply is a round room sustained on a beautiful series of arches and pillars, standing on a slight elevation that slopes away gently to the waters of the land-locked harbor. If the Norsemen did not build it, who did? It was there, and in its present roofless condition when the English first penetrated Newport

But the most startling mystery of the north is the entire disappearance of a group of islands—one of them larger than Iceland, and known as Frisland. This land, as a royal do-main, comes out in the story of the Venetian brothers Zeno—one of whom, in the year 1380 was driven upon it in an adventurous voyage o Britain and Flanders. He was well receive ed by the chief or king of the island, and given command of his fleet. This brother thereupon ent to his younger brother Antonio, in Venice asking him to come on and share his good for tune. Antonio went to Frisland, and in the service of the king-who aimed at the supre macy of the North Sea-they assailed both Ice land and Greenland, and cruised one thousand miles to the westward. Besides the evidence of the letters written by Antonio to his broth er Carlo in Venice, we have other proof which goes to show that Frisland was such a country and inhabited by such a race as the Zeno bro thers described. Authorities agree that it was larger than Iceland, and Hakluyt says larger than Ireland. Frobisher saw and spoke of Frisland, in each of his three north voyages (1576-77-78). He exactly locates it, viz.:

"July 4th, (1577), we made land perfect, and knew it to be Frisland. Found ourselves in latitude 60%, and were fallen with the southermost part of this land. It is thought to be in bigness not inferior to England. . They the Zeno brothers) have in their sea-charts described every part; and for so much of the land as we have sailed along, comparing their charts with the coast, we find it

This land no longer has any existence! Cap tain Hall sailed over its site in 1612, but fail ed to find it. On his map, or chart for hi guidance, Frisland was laid down between 61° and 62° latitude, about four hundred miles N. Frobisher's island of "Buss W. of Scotland. was placed in latitude 57°. This island Frobisher fell in with, on his return from his third Arctic voyage, in the ship Buss, "in latitude 57%°, fifty leagues S. E. of Frisland." He sailed along it for three days. It, too, has disap-It probably was simply the south eastern part of Frisland, which must have gone down in the sea, with all its inhabitants, between the years 1578 and 1612.

Now for the results. As the warm Gulf Stream was deflected toward Iceland and East Greenland, in consequence of the great land of Frisland, lying mostly in the path of its flow, it made Iceland and Greenland sensibly warm and habitable during their first settlements, but, as the island began to subside, the current began to flow more away from the western lands, and finally, when the whole of Frisland disappeared under water, the Gulf Stream ran over its site. As the island was about three hundred miles in diameter the warm stream began to flow more and more over it for that extent of surface. but not until the sinking —in deference to its riches in vines—or, more land had gone down to a great depth was the fully, Winland dot Gude—the Good Wine Gulf Ocean River fully deflected to its present

in consequence, Iceland grew colder, and yearly more inhospitable. And now, as Frisland has sunk probably to its lowest depth, the warm Gulf Stream flows so far away that Iceland is frigid beyond reclamation. In a few years more all its people will have passed either over to Denmark or to British North America, where already they have secured concessions of land and formed the nucleus of their new home.

The changes that time has wrought on Greenland and Iceland seem to have affected Newfoundland. Its wine land is wine land no more,

### Pert.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

DARE sprung down from his horse and doffed his hat to the pretty girl standing by the roadside, her back against a tree-bole, a basket at her feet in which some ugly brown paper parcels were hidden by the gorgeous flowers of a shrub she had been despoiling.
"I beg pardon! Will you be so kind as to

direct me to Arundale?" "To Arundale," repeated the girl, looking at

him with an interest so great that for a moment she forgot to reply to his question. "Then the people have come there, have they?" He smiled at her childlike curiosity.

"I am going there if I ever find my way out of these lanes and byways; and if you can ob-

"Oh, go ahead and turn to the left where the three roads meet. Then"—she paused a moment to consider, and announced abruptly "I'll go along and show you the turn which will put you on the straight road. It's on my

She tied on her hat which had swung upon her arm, and was about taking up her basket again, but with an "Allow me" he anticipated her motion.

"I shouldn't think you'd like carrying that truck any better than I do," she said, in a contemptuous tone. "Gentlemen don't usually. 'Don't they? I really wasn't aware of the fact. It appears to me now that any gentle-

man might be proud of bearing such a floral trophy, Miss-" 'Jones," she interpolated, curtly, with a curl of her red lips as he paused for the name.

"—Miss Jones; all the more when he is com

missioned by one of the graces."
"One of the graces named Pert Jones," said the girl, with a short, scornful laugh. "And instead of a floral trophy you are carrying sugar and starch and tea for aunt Jude Jones, the laundress. You'd better give me the bas-

He looked at her with an amused smile. "No, no," he said. "I shall exact thanks in proportion to the value of the service rendered, and that will not leave us quits by a long

Miss Pert Jones' chin went an inch higher in the air as if resenting the speech, and she walked on in dignified silence without giving him a look. The light of bold admiration which had come into Vernon Dare's blue eyes deepened as he watched the lithe figure borne before him with its swift, elastic tread. What manner of girl was this he wondered, who dis dained flattering speeches, who was beautiful as Venus, and who flung her low station defiantly in his teeth while she bore herself like a queen? Dare, fresh from Fifth avenue man ons, was impressed with a sort of fascinated

"Do they raise many such girls in Allaho ma, I wonder? Ye gods! that patrician head, that arched instep, to be allied to the name of Jones. It's enough to make one hope she may change it soon.

She stopped abruptly, pointing westward.
"That's your way. You can see the chimneys of Arundale over the trees yonder. Goodevening, sir!"
"Wait a moment, please. Do you live near

Just around the hill there May I come to see you and thank you for the favor you have done me to-night?" The red blood ran swiftly into the girl's heeks, but she shook her head.

"Why not?"

Her magnificent Southern eyes lit with a flash as she answered proudly: "The guests at a place like Arundale do not onor their laundress by calling upon her. If you have any orders, aunt Jude will be happy

o go for them or send Gus." Mr. Dare twisted his golden mustache in evident annoyance and perplexity. Then a luminous idea came to him. "I hear they are going to have a fandango

of some sort at the house to-morrow. Are you "The festivities are in honor of the new owner of Arundale," said Pert, with the precision of one who repeats a lesson. "There is to be a dinner on the lawn for the tenantry, with dancing and fireworks afterward, a feast at the quarters, and a ball at the house in the evening. As I am neither a tenant, a negro.

nor a lady, I shall not be there. "By George! as much a lady as any one who will be there," cried Dare, impetuously. I say, if the fellow who had the managemen of the thing, the agent, you know, sends you

an invitation vet, will you come! Pert gave him an incredulous glance, while ner breath died away upon her lips. If she could, if she only could! The very thought set all the blood in her veins tingling.
"Madame Dare," she faltered; "Madame

Dare would never send one. "Madame Dare will do as I ask her."

muttered, "I will have my own way."

"Then I'll come, "Good child! I knew you would." But she was already off, flying away through the dusk. Dare laughed a low, satisfied laugh to himself sprung again into his saddle "Whatever my lady mother may say," he

The girl stood still in the purple twilight and listened to the dving sound of his horse's hoofs, then climbing the rising ground to its highest point, stood looking away in the distance where Arundale lifted its stately walls and sent its many lights streaming far into the The noble plantation of Arundale which had been for a dozen years without an owner, whose last master had fallen by the hands of his own neighbors, a victim to the frenzy of the extreme faction in the earlist, wildest excitement of the rebellion. Arun dale and the massive shut-up mansion there had always possessed a sort of weird attraction for Ruperta Jones, and now it had fallen to an heir-at-law-Vernon Dare.

A candle flared in the window, and two figares stood before the little brown cottage of the laundress, as Pert approached.

'That's her now, mother. I told you no harm 'd come to her. Though you might have considered our feelings a little more, Pert,

ings, Gus Jones, as you have for me, for all you pretend so much.'

"Î hain't been a-pretending," said the awkward young fellow who had come nearer her, "What's the use suspicioning that of me when I'm only anxious you should take me at my word to-morrow."

"I shall not take you, depend on it."
"Don't quarrel, children. For you, Pert, you might go further and do worse than to take Gus. You won't find one to treat you better."

"Then I'll do without any. There's your goods, aunt Jude. I've done enough for you to-day not to be badgered now, I think." "If you weren't a silly chit you'd know what was for your good. It's all the thanks I'm to have for my trouble and care of you;

I'm to see my boy break his heart because I was soft enough to bring you up like my own."
"It'll not be for me, Aunt Jude. He kept all his sweet words for Tillie Gray, until a month ago. You like her better to-day than you do me, Gus, and I know it. You can get her now

for the asking, and it's the mitten you'll get all around, if you put it off too long. Mrs. Jones turned hastily toward the door-

'Come in out of the night, children. You've kept me waiting tea till it's spoiled, like as not,

"Then you can just let it wait a minute longer, mother. She said the truth, if it ever was said. Tillie Gray won't stand it to be fooled, and she ll think I'm fooling if I hang off and on so. I've tried to please you, and I'm willing still if it's to be done; but if Pert won't have me, I don't see the sense of losing 'em both. She's not such a forgiving critter that I'd risk much for the sake of getting her, so if you're agreeable, mother—"

"Gus! Gus!" cried the woman, warningly "It's time we made an end of it," said Gus. stoutly. "Murder will out, and I doubt if you or I would be any better off. You hain't done your duty to Pert, over and above as I can see, and if she don't take to me enough to bear with me now, things ain't apt to better themselves by-and-by. It ain't nateral that they should. I ain't one to preach, but it seems to me it's time the square thing was done all around, and so if Pert says it make it convenient to want the girl that's want ing me, instead of one that gives me nothing but hard words from week's end to week' end.

"Stick to that and you'll not get so many of them. You're not such a bad fellow, Gus, when you don't bother me. Oh," she said, in a sudden fit of repentance; "I've been nothing but a trouble to you and aunt Jude, and ever since that day Madame Dare rode by here I haven't felt like myself. It was that very day you asked me first, Gus, and I said 'No,' as I say it now and always will."

The eyes of the mother and son met in a significant glance, but Pert, who was planted nov with her back against the door-frame, and her troubled face, turned toward the outer night, saw nothing. She was glad when tea was over and the dishes washed, and she free to go up to her attic chamber and dream of Arun dale. They were at breakfast next morning when her invitation thither came. Pert glanced appealingly toward Aunt Jude. She sat in her place, a figure as gray, and grim, and still as if she had been carved from stone, her eyes upon her plate, her lips set in a hard line. girl slipped from her seat, and put her arm about the woman's neck.

"Say I can go, auntie, please. You would if you knew how badly I want to."
"Then go, for all of me." It was not a gra-

cious consent, but it was better than Pert had

"Gray says that young Mr. Dare has come and is a pleasant-spoken gentleman," volunteered Gus, his eyes upon his mother's face.
"But it does seem a pity for Arundale to go o one that's a'most no kin at all to the Arun del's. Do you know they was saying, mother, if the little girl had lived she'd be fifteen year

"My birthday," said Pert, involuntarily; and just my age. But she would have been mistress of Arundale."

Aunt Jude's stony lips moved then. "She was lost in the wing that was burned down the same night her father was killed. They'd have hung him only that they had to shoot him dead to get him at all."

You were in the house that night, mother? "Yes, and I'll never forget it. Not likely should. Arundel was a good man, kind-hearted and free-handed. He gave us a shelter and we work when it was the darkest hour for you and me, Gus, and I'm going to pay back the debt before this day's over.

An approving glow flashed up into that raw youth's florid face; and to Pert, listening in puzzled wonderment, he seemed to have gained some new element of manliness which won a warmer feeling for him than she had given him for many a long day.

It was all over, the feasting, the dancing, the gay groups dotting the lawn, the shower of fireworks ascending when complete darkness fell. It was the signal for the tenantry to dis perse, and marked the hour when Madame Dare's aristocratic company had arrived. It was a day which would stand out separate and distinct from all others in Ruperta's memory the day of her triumph, for she had danced with Vernon Dare more times than any other girl there, and a little regretful sigh waved over her lips to know that the day was done.

She looked up with a start as a snow-white, eweled hand touched her, into Madame Dare's

"If you would like to come inside and hear the music, it will please me to have you do so My son tells me you are fond of music.

The heart of the girl gave an ea ger bound; but now, as before, Madame Dare assured herself that the pretty little rustic would be no blemish upon her social scen "If the young lady has consented, I will do

myself the honor of conducting her in," said Vernon's voice, and it needed no words to tell Ruperta that it was to him she owed this continuance of her treat. There was a few moments' delay while Gus, who was to act as her escort home, was found,

and his permission for her stay obtained. they neared the entrance, a servant flitted out to intercept them with a message from Madame Dare. They were requested to attend her in the library without delay. An odd message from the madame just at

this time," said Vernon, with a shrug. "I hope she hasn't repented," he thought, uneasi-It would cut me almost as much as the little one herself to have her disappointed

It was rather a singular tableau which pre sented itself as the library door swung back to admit them. Aunt Jude was standing, straight and stiff

as a poker, under the central chandelier, her stony face of the morning, as shown by the downpour of brilliant light, unchanged. The "i've as much consideration for your feel- superannuated parson from Allahoma sat near home, as he had won her from it, and have

and opposite him, with a perplexed look upon

her face, Madame Dare waited. She addressed herself to her son

"These persons have something to communicate which requires your presence and that of Miss Jones, Vernon. I granted an interview, as I assuredly should not have done had I known what conditions were to attend it. Pray, proceed."

Judith Jones bridled under that coolly-incisive tone.

"I'll not keep you long, ma'am. 've only to tell you that you're not the mistress here, nor him the master. It's that girl there, who I've called my niece, is lawful owner of Arundale. She's Rupert Arundel's daughter, no kin of mine. I saved her when they all thought she was lost on that fearful night. I kept the secret in the bloody war times that she might be safer, and afterward for reasons of my own, maybe. I'm telling you the truth, madame and sir, and Mr. Du Boyce is my witness. He was the only living human I could trust to keep my secret, and he's knowed of it all

"It is as she says," spoke the venerable minister. "The child is Rupert Arundel's daughter; and had Mrs. Jones been advised by me, her identity would never have been con-

"I'd a hope that she and Gus might take to each other," said aunt Jude, in her hard, unflinching tone. "A vain hope, for he took to his kind and she to hers as if they'd knowed. He suspicioned me after I'd gave him a hint that Pert had a fortune a-waiting her, and he'll think the better of me after I've made

amends for keeping her out of it so long."

Madame Dare's face was white, but calm. Ruperta looked from her up into Vernon's eyes,

her own dilating wildly.
"Can this be true? Oh, can it be?"

"I think it is, Ruperta."

"And you? "I?" striving to speak lightly. "I shall retire from the scene, let us hope with a good grace, since it is all which remains for me to do. I have the felicity of being first to con-

gratulate you, cousin Ruperta."
The last she never heard. The lighted room wavered before her eyes and he caught her, his neart beating madly against the unconscious form as he held it close for one instant.

Despite her later remonstrances, he did go-for two years. But she remained under Madame Dare's tutelage, and when Vernon returned he found her all he ever dreamed she might

It was no more than right perhaps that he really became master of Arundale after all.

"For," he says to Ruperta, "you should just as surely have been mistress here had the long-kept secret never been disclosed. I made up mind to that in the very hour I saw you

And she believes it in her heart's core.

# The Hunted Bride; WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE

BARBARA," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER IX -CONTINUED

There were exciting scenes in Branthope Villa that night. The answer which Uncle Peter received, when he frantically demanded his niece, struck home to his heart the deathblow so long ready to fall. His nephew softened the blow all that he could by art and delay, first beginning with a story of Margaret's attachment to a gentleman, whose acquaint ance she had formed on board the ship during their last summer's voyage—how she had gone down to the city to fulfill a secret promise had made of becoming his wife -how they were married in church, himself being one of the witnes and how, in the act of stepping into a small boat, which was to bear them to their tropical home, the boat had partially upset, the whole party thrown into the water.

and Margaret drowned. " Margaret dead!" exclaimed the old man. rising from his bed, and advancing, without assistance, to the center of the room, with upraised arm, as if to strike the bearer of the

"And buried?" he added, a moment later, gazing at Branthope, who could only nod an

affirmative reply. "There has been foul play!" cried the old man, in a high, sharp key; "foul play, I say! Dead—and buried without my seeing her, without my being summoned? You are a ras cal, Branthope Maxwell! You have had a hand in this!—a murderer—a—a I know not what. Call the housekeeper! Call some one, I say! I will send for the sheriff-I will put the case in his hands! Margaret! my little girl! oh, where are you? Why don't you come to poor old Uncle Peter? It is dark, and you do—do—not come. Margaret!"-oh, what a fond, passionate, yearning cry!—but even as he gave it, the old man swayed and tottered, and Branthope

fall upon the floor. Before he dared lay down his burden to ring the bell, Uncle Peter had expired in his arms

sprung forward only in time to prevent his

The wailing of the servants, that night was not so much for the master, dead in the house, as for the young mistress, whom they were never more to see. The story flew abroad, early in the morning, and the whole neighborhood came with sympathy and aid.

The account of Margaret's runaway mar-

riage with a foreigner went with that of her accidental death; altogether the tragic interest which gathered about Branthope Villa, was powerful enough to keep the comnunity in a state of excitement; and many there were who, looking upon young Maxwell with curious and pitying eyes, saw so much trouble and unhappiness in his face as to conclude that his cousin had jilted him, and broken his heart by doing so, and by her early death. For he would have been more calloused in feeling and experienced in wrong-doing than was, had he not felt the consequences of his selfish conduct intolerable. Two deaths with in a fortnight, both as truly to be laid at his door, as if he had planned and executed them!

He was, indeed, wretched enough. He fell away in flesh, his eyes had the look of eyes which do not sleep; he was moody, restless, pallid—everybody said how deeply he took to heart his double loss—he felt it even more than was to be expected, seeing that he had now become, by Margaret's death, and his being next of kin, sole heir to Branthope Villa, and all Uncle Peter's moneys and es-

He, who had done so much to bring about such a result, would have given up all, and have gone back under the yoke of unpaid debts, could he have replaced his young cousin in her

seen his uncle back in that wearisome sickchamber, out of which he had startled him forever. He was not a murderer at heart-not even a robber or dishonest man; he had been led away, by the temptations of an easy life, and the weak promptings of a selfish, luxurious nature, to consent to a wrong which he persuaded himself was not so mean and wicked as it really was. Now, he saw it in its true light-too late for repentance to avail.

Business kept him for some weeks, the most of the time at the Villa, and when he finally left it, for the winter, in care of the house keeper, it was as its undisputed master. Uncle Peter's property was found to be more instead of less, as is generally the case, than was currently reported. His prudent operations had been successful, and there was plenty of money in the bank, as well as much invested in profitable ways which brought in a handsome

Branthope, with his pleasure-loving temperament, had nothing to do but to lay the ghosts which haunted him. He was obliged to do it, in self-defense, he was so miserable - obliged to become almost recklessly gay, to keep constantly in society, to be always in the company of good fellows, of bright ladies, in order to shut out the pictures which arose before him in solitude. He was quite successful in his attempts to forget and be happy. After a time he became really what at first he had only affected, gay and care-free; only, at intervals, he would have visions, and at night, frequently, startling and unpleasant dreams.

#### CHAPTER X. THE CREW OF THE SALLY ANN.

In the mean time, what of Margaret! Not drowned, not found, as our readers must have foreseen. She was awakened from that sleepy floating upon clouds of eider-down, by de thump against some massive piece of Involuntarily she reached out her hand. The struggle for the life she had resigned began over again. She was choking and cramping—she was sinking. As she stretched out her arm, she felt and clasped a wooden beam. She clung to it, got her other arm over it, and held on, with her head above the foul and freezing water which moaned and seethed and still rose higher about her-for the tide was setting in. Presently she had re-covered sufficient breath to enable her to crawl, with a great, disheartening effort, upon the beam, and to cling with cold, numb fingers, to another cross-piece above. very well where she was. Under the dock! dark waters underneath, slimy walls about her, heavy wooden planks above, Ah, what a coffin! She shuddered with the thought, and with the bitter cold.

When she was a trifle more composed, les water in her ears and mouth, she heard the trampling of feet above her, saw the gleam of a lantern through a crack in her prison-ceiling, knew that they were looking for her, that by crying out she could yet be saved. She pressed nbling lips more firmly together, and was dumb.

She crouched in that awful place until voices and lights were gone. A long time! They had given her up at last, thank God! Now for courage to meet a lingering death. Oh, why had she not sunk at once?—then all would have been over. The water rose, and almost washed her from her slippery hold. She was so wet, so chilled. Time wore on. The tide was still rising. It came over her, where she clung. She wondered if she might not struggle up to the cross-piece to which she was holding on with her hands. She cautiously made the effort and succeeded. No sooner was she established in this new hold on life, than she saw stars twinkling above her-a piece of the blue sky. Before, all had been dark—dark as the grave. After a moment's study she made out, with a sudden leap of the heart, that part of a plank was missing from the flooring of the the Yankee face, so good-natured and benevo-If she could but reach to crawl out lent at the same time through that, she might yet be saved-might might creep and crawl by night back to Branthope Villa, and there be hidden and pro-

With the hope came a renewal of her ebbing strength. Very carefully, slipping and cling ing, she got upon her feet, put her head through the opening, which was on a level, now, with her waist, and looked about her. There was no one to assist—or betray. Using an elbow for a lever, she lifted herself; her knee was upon the flooring-one more effort, and she stood upon the pier. Saved!

She had not felt the wind in that terrible shelter below there. Now it blew about her, flapping her wet garments, which almost froze er limbs. She realized that a few moments of such exposure would render her helpless, unless she greatly exerted herself. High clouds were hurrying across the sky, obscuring the stars one moment, to pass from them the next. The light was faint and uncertain, but she groped her way off the pier, until she came into a street which she supposed to be West She began to run, to keep from freezing; but whenever she came near a lamp, she hurried by with caution, and when, rarely, she saw a policeman approaching on his beat, she hid in areas, or behind sheds or lumber-piles, until he had passed. To seek assistance of one of these was, probably, to be given back into the power of that man. She had no set project cape—only a dim idea that if she could struggle on she might reach the open country before daybreak, and ask for warmth and food at some humble house, where her identity would

She had far greater powers of endurance than most girls of the present day, her free country life and her inherited English constitution having insured her that; but the wind numbed her, and her wet clothes were heavy

Still she struggled and stumbled on, until, at last, upon the approach of an officer down the street with a bull's-eye open in his hand, she fled out upon the pier into a large lumber-yard, where she lost herself amid high piles of boards, and when she attempted to come out on the street again, found herself on the river-side, with gaunt skeletons of masts standing against the sky, and quiet fleets of vessels crowded side by side, locked up there, as if they were at their winter moorings. eyes were dim by this time, and her brain numb as her feet and hands. Her very heart was deathly cold, and when she went to turn she became confused Presently she was concious that a light, like that of a lamp was shining somewhere, and she stumbled toward it; but before she quite reached it, she fell, and after that she knew no more for some

When Margaret again unclosed her eyes, the daylight came dimly into the place where she was. It was a queer place; she could not make it out, and she lay quietly in her bewilderment, wondering, and, by degrees, remember-She lay on a sort of shelf on one side of a room about eight feet wide by twelve long; there was another shelf above and one beneath

her, in which she heard a little child tossing and talking and teasing to be taken up. There was a very tiny stove in one corner, upon which stood a tin coffee-pot; a small table in another corner, spread with the necessaries of a very modest breakfast; a cradle was crowded close upon the table, and, indeed, the whole little apartment had a sadly crowded aspect containing, as it did, the furniture and equipments of an entire family of four, inclusive sleeping arrangements--which crowded aspect was still further increased by the ridiculously unnecessary largeness and fatness of the wo man, who, sitting on a deck-stool, with a fretful baby in her lap, seemed to fill and overflow the space, and take up so much more room than she was entitled to. Yet she did it in that good-natured manner that no one, surely could begrudge it to her. Margaret, through her half-open lids, saw the woman's dimpled, comely face, and almost felt at home. wandering glance went up to the windows, to find if the scene outside might betray her whereabouts; the windows, like everything else, were queer—only a pane of glass in hight, but broad enough, and very near the low ceil-Through them she saw the sky and the outlines of two or three masts of vessels-the last things she had seen as she stumbled on, un-

onscious, the previous night. The sight brought back everything, and she groaned aloud.

"Lord-a-mercy!" cried the woman, jumping up so suddenly as to have forgotten her own baby, which would have fallen upon the floor had not the kindly cradle caught and held it-"so, you've come to, have you, Miss? an' Eze kiel sayin' you was clean gone. Sartain, now, how do you feel?"

'I hardly know," said Margaret, faintly, but trying to smile, for the woman's hearty voice had a cheerful sound.

"Don't speak ag'in till you've drunk thisevery drop on it—I've tried to get it down you when you was as good as dead, but I couldn't get you to swaller much "—and she brought a tumbler of hot spiced whisky-punch, which had been kept covered on the stove-hearth, lifted her patient's head, and forced the draught up on her by the power of her superior will, all the time rattling on, as fast as she could com fortably speak, being a little short-breathed. "Wasn't it a mussy the baby was sick last

night, an' I got up and struck a light to see what was the matter with the poor little thing -she's a-cuttin' her first teeth, Miss-an' kep up the fire to make her some catnip tea, an vas a-settin' an' a-rockin' her, an' Zeke snorin' for it don't keep him awake to have the young ones cry-an' a blessin', too, he bein' out to work all day—an' I hearn somethin' tumble ag'in' the door, like a big dog, or what not, and scart me so, I hollered to Zeke, an' made him get up to open it to drive the dog away—an there, law suz, it wasn't no dog, but you, Miss, that wet, and that cold, actually friz to death I reckon Zeke was glad he turned out, when he seen what was up. But we give you up for dead more'n once. La! I had a night of it, with my sick baby, and with you; but she's better now, and I'm right glad she was took so bad just at that time, for if I'd been sound asleep I shouldn't 'a' heard you fall, and you'd 'a' friz solid afore mornin'.

'Perhaps that would have been the best thing which could have happened," murmured Margaret.

'Oh, don't say that now! It's your bounden duty to live as long as God lets ye, and you mus'n' be too impatient. Laws! you've just begun life. Not a day over eighteen, I'll be bound. How come you in that fix, now, if you've no objections to tell? Of course we know you was in the river, but how come you there? Accident or - sooicide?" merry blue eyes shut up into a twinkling line in the excess of the good woman's curiosity. The poor girl could hardly help smiling, even in her misery, at the intense inquisitiveness of

lion in her path, had sprung up and faced her the fear that Mr. Martinique would hear of her safety and claim her.

"So! that's so. We thought-Zeke an' me -p'r'aps it mought be. You was dressed so nice, an' so young an' handsome. We said, to oncet—there's a romantical mystery here. course, if it ain't sooicide, you'd like us to let your friends know, the sooner the better?"

Alas! I have no friends!" "There!" exclaimed the woman, exulting ly, turning to a rough little man, as thin and small as she was large and dimpled, who at that moment slipped in the door. "I told you tor her up as well as you kin, an' I'll not forso! There's a romantical mystery here, as you get the chicken."

"Bear a hand. Sally—don't you see she's slippin' her anchor ag'in? Where's the grog?" Margaret had again become unconscious was some time before she revived. could be left a little while to herself, the hostess comforted her screaming baby, and her hus band, having dressed the other child, put the offee and a plate of buckwheat cakes on the table, and the family ate breakfast.

When they had finished the meal, of which they must have stood in need, after their night's exertions, the woman brought a cup of coffee and a soaked cracker to her patient, who ate and drank quite eagerly, and was re-

'Where am I?" she asked, looking again about the queer place. "On board the Sally Ann," answered the man, laughing a little, and with an air as if

proud of the fact. 'Where bound?" gasped Margaret, faintly, not to-oh, not to South America?"

The little man shook with laughter, and his

dimpled spouse shook, too, as he replied: 'To South America? Lor' bless you, no! the Sally Ann confines herself mostly to the raging canawl, except w'en she comes down in tow of some snorter to visit the city. She's tion opens, an' that's all she's bound for. South America, I swow! to think of the Sally Ann

attempting that, mother!" "Mother" laughed, and then she squinted up her eyes again into that twinkling line, as she turned to the strange visitor. 'What under the sun put that into your

head? Was yer a-calculatin' to go there, or was yer afraid you might be obliged to?" 'I don't wish to go there," cried Margaret, "Oh, no, not for the world. I'll tell you sometime—this afternoon, perhaps, when

I'm well enough to sit up. "Yes, yes—all right. Don't you go to tirin' yerself out, talkin'. I've got yer wet things adryin', an' I'll press 'em off by'mby, an' yer can fix yourself quite decent before your friends comes after you. Now, I jest tell you, the best thing fer you is to take a good long nap. I'll try and git baby to sleep 't the same time, so's we ken hev it quiet.'

'Oh," said Margaret, "I don't wish to go

to sleep—I'm afraid to."
"Afraid of us?" asked the little man, crim-

soning with indignation. "Do you s'pose the owners o' the Sally Ann would 'a' left us to take keer of her--in full charge of her, without payin' a cent o' rent for our accommoda-tions, if we was that kind o' folks! If you had the hull Bank o' Boston in yer pocket, we shouldn't tech it!"

"I beg your pardon, a thousand times. I didn't mean that, oh, no! I would trust you with the Bank of Boston, if I had it—which I have not!" smiling sadly. "But I'm so afraid I shall be found—discovered—by those who, doubtless, are looking for me. They will search everywhere; the police will know it, and, oh, I would rather die this hour than fall again into their hands. It was to get away from them that I sprung into the river They, probably, believe that I am drowned. But they will try to be certain of it. They are rich—they will buy the assistance of others—the police will be on the watch. If any one hears of my being here I shall be taken away. Oh," clasping her hands, "if there were any cellar dark enough to hide me! No, I dare not sleep. I must keep on the watch; for if I hear or see them coming I shall kill myself. They never—never—never shall take me alive!" She sunk back on her pillow, exhausted, looking piteously at her new friends with those beautiful eyes, whose pleadings they had not hearts hard enough to withstand.

"Nobody shall tech ye ag'in your will while I'm master o' the Sally Ann," said the man, throwing back his shoulders, and glowing with an expression like that of a commodore on deck, and about to engage with the

"Oh, thank you, sir!" "An' look-a-here, my beauty. You jest go to sleep as sound as you like. Not a body shall set foot on this craft this day, 'ceptin' them already here. I'll stand watch all day if ye say so-though, Lord knows, we ain't likely to be troubled with visitors, are we,

Sally dimpled all over, as she usually did

when addressed, saying: "We ain't tied up but a fortnight, and we don't know a soul about us yit. You kin sleep as peaceful here as if you was in the moon. ennybody comes inquirin' round I'm sharp enough to turn 'em off. No need, Zeke, o' your givin' up yer day's work to stan' watch. I'll take keer o' the Sally Ann, and all on

"If it's safe to leave me here," spoke Margaret, a little anxiously, "I wish you would go out. You will probably hear what is said about the accident; and please bring me a paper, if there's anything about a lady's being

drowned, in them, to-day. "Jes' as the wimmen decides. That's my rule o' conduct. And, Sally, keep a sharp eye out, and if yer sees the enemy bearin' down, clear the decks for action. Keep the door of the cabin locked; and, law, Miss, if you'd feel easier, pull down them little curtains, and there you are; shet up like a bag o' gold in a chest. Nobody'd never guess you was there, if they come right in. Mother'll put your clo'es out o' sight as soon as they're dry, an' you kin lie as snug as a kernel in a

When he was ready to go forth for the day his wife followed him out, and as she towered beside him on the deck of the canal-boat, er whole face was illuminated, in all its folds and dimples, as she whispered, emphatic-

'There's some romantical mystery, I tell you, Zeke, about that young lady. Nothin' common, nuther. To think o' her bein' led to the Sally Ann, an' I so fond of 'em!" 'Fond o' what?" asked her partner, per-

"Romantical mysteries. Why, it's as good as a novel, an' a good deal more real, a-hav-in' her here in our very cabin. I sha'n't be-grudge her a little trouble, it's so nice to have t happen here—but I'm dyin' to know the cli-

hard to save myself? asked Margaret, pruduestions. As soon as she sees you're real dently—already the fear, destined to be the friendly she'll let it all out, no doubt. I'll come home early—like as not I shall learn

all about her, in the papers, or from the 'But you won't betray her. Zeke?" "Not I! The master o' the Sally Ann don't betray one o' the softer sect who has confided

Sally, you know that!" 'Yes, I do. An' bring a chicken, Zeke, to make her some broth. Between you an' I an' the sign-post, I don't reckon on her leavin' us I see a fever comin' on.

"That's pesky bad for her, poor young thing.

He went away, and Mrs. Sally, returning to the cabin, heroically suppressed her inclination to talk, and, drawing the curtain before the berth in which the stranger lay, took he baby in her lap, and sung it to sleep to the Her other music of the "Bay o' Barbary." child played quietly about her feet, but she sung two children to sleep with the same touching ditty; for Margaret, whose brain al ready began to wander a little, dreamed that she was a babe and was being rocked to sleep on her mother's breast, and, thus dreaming sunk into a heavy, but not healthy slum-

She slept until late in the afternoon When, finally, she unclosed her languid eyes, the long strips of windows, the low ceiling, the little stove and the large woman, were all as if she had never seen them before, and after that, for several days, her memory only came to her at intervals, during which she would so piteously implore her humble friends not to summon a physician, not to let any one see her, that they, albeit much alarmed at her condition, unwillingly consensed, Mrs. Sally bringing to bear all her New Eng land knowledge of herb-teas and bitters, and much weighed down by a sense of responsibili ty, as well as an intense desire to know the

climax. At about the tenth day Margaret broke the fever-chain, cleared the cobwebs of delirium from her brain, and was once more herself Her young and vigorous constitution now asserted itself in her rapid recovery.

'The papers-all the daily papers, since I came here," were the first things she asked

'Zekiel brought her a pile of them; but the etters swam before her eyes, and she had to take a day or two's regimen of chicken-broth and egg-nogg before she could begin the task of going through with them.

'It is all right," she said to Mrs. Sally, who sat, baby in lap, watching her with her twinkling eyes drawn up in a line; "they believe me dead-they believe that they have buried me. That is what I most desire. new name, a new life!" then she burst into

that Mrs. Sally put down the baby and brought

"It don't hurt me to cry, Mrs. Griggs; I feel better now.

"But you shouldn't overdo yourself, Mrs. Martinique," responded the good woman, half-shutting her eyes.

Margaret sat straight up in bed; a hot flush rushed over her pale face, and her eyes flashed

"Don't call me by that name," she said, passionately; "it is mine, I suppose, but it was fastened on me by fraud, and I refuse it. You know of course, all that the papers can reveal, Mrs. Griggs. I am Mrs. Martinique—drowned, buried, my husband sailed for his southern home, my uncle killed by the news of my death, my cousin left sole heir to the estate thus the papers have it, and thus it is. Mind you, it is, and must ever be. That I am not dead and buried is no one's affair but my own I choose to have it thought that I am thus dis-

posed of. "Mrs. Griggs, circumstances have placed me in your power. You have been like a sister to me, and your husband has been like a brother. In return, I will explain to you why I did not choose to go to South America with Mr. Martinique!" The twinkling eyes shone brightly through the half-shut lids: little Hiram was boxed on the ear for attempting to blow his penny whistle, and the baby's mouth was stopped with its natural stopper, while Mrs. Griggs listened to as much as Margaret thought necessary to explain.

When the sad story was ended, tears were dripping from the twinkling eyes and dropping on the dimpled cheeks-tears of compassion for the young lady, and of indignation at those who had plotted against her happiness—but through all her intense sympathy there broke a ray of triumph, as she ex-

That's a climax, now, a-worth a-comin' I've always felt 'twould be my lot to be mixed up with a reg'lar tradegy yet, as I've often said to Zeke—an' here it is, sure

Mrs. Griggs, during that portion of her life spent peacefully on the calm bosom of the great canal, had been mistress of many quiet hours which otherwise might have been, to say the least, monotonous, had she not filled them and thrilled them with the perusal of many exciting works of fiction, from the "Mysteries of Udolpho," down to the "Gun-maker of Moscow," and being naturally, despite of her large size and her excess of dim oles, as sentimental as the thinnest old maid ou could bring to match her, was always on the look-out for romantical mysteries in real life. She was really happy in having, at last, one laid at her very door-brought there, as she herself felt certain, by a "circumstantial Providence."

Wild horses shall never tear it from me, she assured the girl, who, again pale and trem-bling, had sunk back on her pillow, after the conclusion of the brief account of herself; and the good woman, stooping to kiss the white cheek, saw, in her mind's eye, herself converted into an immense barge, laden with this weighty and important secret, which the wild horses of the tow-path in vain endeavored to drag from her.

"If Senor Martinique was to come, himself, with his hands chock full of Brazilian di'-monds, I couldn't be tempted to open my mouth—neither could 'Zekiel. Laws, no! don't think we could lend ourselves to sech a downright conspiracy. We'll keep your secret, an' do all we kin to help you. But, la, now, my dear, what on earth be you going to

Margaret did not know-she had not had time to think. Mrs. Griggs interrupted her to tell her to take plenty of time—the Sally Ann was her home till she could provide herself with a better. Then she advised her to "turn living, henceforth, than to allow her cousin to

Ignorant that she might appeal to the law her was consummated through fraud, her humole friends were equally ignorant that she might such a fever, almost spasm of terror, did the mere thought of encountering either of these two men again throw her, that they dared not advise her to openly brave the consequences. Her only idea was to hide her existence from these two; and her friend's only idea, by force of sympathy, became the same.

### CHAPTER XI.

OUT OF THE WORLD, YET IN IT. As she rapidly recovered, life, in that close and crowded little cabin, became a wearisome thing to Margaret. Often she regretted that she had been so cowardly as to flee from death when it waited, so close at hand, to release her. It were easier to sleep under those sheets of ice. in that moaning and tossing bed, than to face the new experience which awaited her. No human beings could be kinder than the

naster of the Sally Ann and his buxom mate

the little boy was fascinated with the young lady and her charming stories; even the baby cried to go to her; they shared with her their fire and food-but it can be imagined that her surroundings, to a delicately-bred girl, would be almost intolerable. Still worse, she was partaking of their hospitality, without the means of rewarding them; for when Margaret hastily changed her dress, on that Sabbath unworthy cousin, returned upon her with evening, to go to the church with Branthope, sweetness, freshness, and safety; so did he had left her purse in the pocket of her traveling cloak. She had her watch-which, being securely fastened in her belt, had re ed safe during her struggles in the water -a plain gold brooch, and one or two inexpensive rings, besides her wed ing-ring. of their legal marriage. She knew there was the record in the church where they were marthrust into her hand, and which, mechanically, and dried it, and pressed it carefully between the leaves of the Bible, where it still lay, discolored, but legible

Margaret might have spared the watch, and would have done so willingly, notwithstanding that it was a gift from Uncle Peter, and now her only keepsake from him; but her dre discovery made her afraid to have it offered Henceforth I am dead—to myself, to them, to for sale. It was marked with her monogram, the past. I must begin like one just born-a and might, very possibly, lead to inquiries and Her rings and pin Mrs. Griggs sold detection. tears, not at thought of this, but because she for her, and bought, with the money, materihad learned, through those papers, of her dear als for embroidery, and as soon as she was able to sit up, the forlorn, but resolute girl, in this you was a rigler Lady Macbeth, you couldn't

She sobbed so violently, in her weak state, curious prison in which she voluntarily immured herself, began to do exquisite n work, which her hostess disposed of at the fancy-stores. The sum she was enabled to earn by constant application was very small, but it enabled her to pay for board all that it was really worth, and to buy herself a pair of shoes,

and a plain delaine dress. Mrs. Sally was not at all expert with the needle, and it was a great comfort to her to have this "romantical" young lady finish up the set of summer shirts she had begun for Zekiel, and make the baby's frocks so prettily, while she devoted herself to the unlimited perusal of all the "mysteries" she could lay er hands upon.

It was a weary, dreary life to Margaret relieved only by the absolute good-humor and even affection of her humble friends; she knew they liked to have her there; indeed, Mrs. Saly declared it was like a constant play at the Bowery to have her before their very eyes, and that she was paying for her accommoda-tions; but it could not be denied that she still further crowded the tiny cabin, whose chief characteristic was that of being crowded, and which continually ran over at the door, and seemed about to bulge out at the sides, like a picnic basket that is bursting its lid with over-

'Zekiel always declared there was room to spare, an innocent fiction on his part, forgivable, under the circumstances; while, as for Mrs. Sally, she often dropped her book in the midst of its most thrilling passages, to gaze upon the young, noble, and beautiful face bent over that delicate embroidery, which was there, ever, like a picture before her, transforming the dingy cabin of the laid-up canal-boat into a salon of splendor and magnificence

to her admiring eyes Poor Margaret! her only relief was sometimes to stand at the little windows, overlookng the near line of "baby's duds," which were in a chronic state of wetness and flappiness, ever the first thing to meet her view on the deck outside-to look beyond these, and the silent vessels moored about, a little ways up the river, to the wooded hights on the opposite side, which looked a little like home, and to watch the masses of broken ice come sailing down on their adventurous voyage to the

But whenever she thought about going out into the world again, she shrunk and shivered. the sudden shock and terror of that first dreadful night had unstrung her nerves, and made her constantly on the look-out for surprises and snares. Like a person who has, in a moment of peaceful enjoyment, seen the earth open about him, or had his house fall upon him, she could never again feel perfectly safe.

However, she could not always remain absolutely a prisoner. As she recovered her full strength, she grew also in courage, coming, after a few weeks, to slip out in the afternoon, in her plain dress, with a vail over her face, to carry her work to the stores. The walk was necessary to her health, and she enjoyed it

keenly. The only person she had to avoid was her cousin—excepting chance meeting with her country acquaintances—since Mr. Martinique, she knew, had sailed for a far country. That he might return before many months, was a question of the future; at present he was away, and she felt less desperately beset; but, from her experience of her cousin's kindness, she felt that for him to become aware of her existence, was to have the senor informed of it. To give up his possession of her estate would not be possible to one of his selfish character; she had reason to dread the steps he might take to prevent such a consequence, should he learn of her

being alive. The dislike which Margaret felt for Mr. Martinique must have been heartfelt, instinctive, strong as life itself, to have upheld her in her present resolution. Daily, and uncomplaining up," and take back her uncle's property from her cousin, who had no right to it; but this, to meekly took the miserable rewards of her taste ly, like the poorest seamstress, she toiled, and -all her own-stood desolate and empty, sadknow of her existence, since his first step would be to recall Mr. Martinique.

ly shrining the costly pictures, the luxurious furniture, the silver table-service, the rich wardrobe, in the midst of which she should or protection from a husband whose right to have reigned, lovely and happy. Not only that, but vast estates, smiling under tropic skies, awaited her coming as their mistres safely take steps for her own release—and into | and mines and warehouses there were in which she had her right of dower as the wife of their owner; but she preferred, to all these, soulfreedom, and the little cabin which assured it

> Once, some time in February, as Margaret came out of a fancy-store in Canal street, it be ing almost twilight, and her vail as usual drawn over her face, she met her cousin Branthope. He passed her by, without a glance at modest sewing-girl, jauntily and airily, and handsomely dressed, with an increased air fashion and wealth about him, and only the narrow band of crape on his hat to hint of tragedies so recently enacted. She did not know, intil she reached the shelter of the Sally Ann toward which she almost flew, how much the sight of that man, whom she had once so fondly loved, had shaken her. Once safe within the cabin, she sunk upon a chair with trembling limbs, buried her pale face in her hands, and sat there more than an hour, without moving or speaking, except to say, at first, in an swer to Mrs. Sally's anxious inquiries:

"I met my cousin; but he did not recognize

To see that handsome, audacious, selfish face was to be transported back into the past. life at Branthope Villa, where she had loved, worshiped, with a young girl's idolatry, her eetness, freshness, and safety; so did that Sabbath evening when she, trembling and fearing, and yet unspeakably happy, had gone with this persuasive lover to the solemn altar, and had promised there to be his wife with a willing joy, of which he had made such a terrible mockery. As she thought of it now, and recalled how careless and haughty and self-asmuch as she loathed the sight of 11, she was solved to keep. Since it might be possible that, some day, that man would have her in his some day, that man would have her in his grew bitter—that which had been love, the grew bitter—that which had been love, the fondest and most yielding, turned into hate, the sternest and most implacable. She did ried; she had, also, the certificate which he had more now than despise Branthope - she hated him!-hated the sight of his gayety and his she had placed in her pocket before alighting good fortune, and jaunty vanity. Never, af-from the carriage. Mrs. Sally had found it ter that, for one moment, did any return of good fortune, and jaunty vanity. her old affection for him soften the hardness of her heart toward him. She had loved him, as not one woman in ten thousand is capable of loving; and she hated him with an equal power.

Hers was not an ordinary character. It was no tame voice and purposeless glance with which she said, when, after an hour's silence, she raised her head from her hands, and turned. rising to her feet and lifting her hand:

I hate my cousin, Mrs. Griggs.' "Good Lord, my dear," responded Mrs. Sally, "now I never did see the beat of that! If drefful fine actress, Miss Margaret, an' no mistake. Why don't you offer yourself to the managers? They'd snap you up in a minute. Why, do you know, I b'lieve I'd 'a' bin an actress myself, if my figger didn't stand in the way. I'm too fat for the tragedy parts, which is what I naturally take to. But you! Look at her, Zeke!" to her husband, who had just come in to tea. "Ain't she well adapted to the stage?"

The young lady did present a striking effect. with her bonnet dangling down her shoulders, her superb black hair following the bonnet, her face like marble, her eyes blazing, her ex pression full of the passion her words had breathed.

"Ah, yes!" she murmured, coming down from her high tragedy with a mournful smile; "I have thought of it myself, Mrs. Griggs. But I am cut off from that, as from everything else, by the danger of discovery.

Margaret had thought a good deal of the drama as a means of earning a living, for her vivid impressions of her first night at the opera still remained; but the fact that certain be trayal must follow her appearance in New York, had held her desire in check. More than once she had resolved to endeavor to sell her watch for enough to pay her expenses to London, where she would feel more secure in be ginning a new career; and this night, as she lay long awake, she pondered the plan in all its aspects, and resolved to carry it into effect

It was a week before Margaret again ventured from the shelter of the Sally Ann. But Mrs. Griggs was not very well. The work was promised, and she set out to deliver it herself, purposely delaying her walk until as near dark as was prudent. It was not pleasant to be out late when her homeward way lay amid such purlieus as surrounded the canal-boat, lying as it did, moored to its dock, in a part of the city frequented by sailors, 'longshoremen, workers in coal and lumber-yards, and by a very rough working-class generally, as well as particularly by occasional hard characters. The street lamps had been some time lighted, when she, having been detained a little while at the store, and by making some purchases for Mrs. Sally, hurrying along with as business-like an air as she could assume, carrying her basket with its parcels of tea and sugar, turned into the lumber-yard which lay between the street and the Sally Ann. The regular employees of the yard knew her as an inmate of the canal-boat, although they had never seen her unvailed face; Margaret was not afraid of them, and did not think seriously of it, as a man came round from behind a pile of boards, and advanced so that they must meet in the path. There was a lamp not far away, but they were not in sight from the street, as the fellow walked slowly past, whistling and eying her so sharply that she, in turn, regarded him. Her vail was up now, as she could not see without, and as they passed each other, the gleam of the lamp fell directly upon her face. It immediately affected her, though she really did not think of it, as if she had seen the man before-how or where was as shadowy as as the impression itself. He was a disagreeable-looking person, with reddish, unkempt beard, an ugly mouth, and malicious Scarcely had she passed when she felt herself caught about the waist, and a rough hand turned her face to the light of the lamp. She attempted to scream, but her voice died in her dry throat.

By hokey! here's a sell! so you ain't dead and drowned, after all, my pretty Miss Mar-

tin, or whatever it is!"

She recognized him then-the driver to whom she had appealed on the dock, on the night of her marriage. The sword, suspended by a hair, had fallen-and so soon! but she made a brave effort for her salvation, and looked him in the face with affected surprise. "Let me go!" she said, as soon as she could

command her voice; "I am Mrs. Griggs' girl, and she wants me home with these things. I'll

'The same voice, too," he replied, coolly; "a scart voice, as before, and one not to be mistaken. Oh, yes! I'll let you go," releasing his hold on her; "I wouldn't hurt a lady like you for the world. All I want is to let you 'That you may follow me!" she exclaimed,

setting down her basket in despair.
"Precisely," was the hateful answer;
"there's no law against it."

'Then I will keep walking all night," she said, desperately.

"All right. I can keep that up as long as you can. But, good Lord! what's the sense? Now I've got my eye on you once, you needn't think but what I'm going to keep it there. I've played sharp on older and wiser ones 'an you. Bless you, I've been in all kinds o' little games, and generally win."
"But what do you want of me?" asked she,

trying to appear indifferent.

"Oh, I read the papers! I ain't ignorant of the fact that the pretty bride of the rich gentleman went overboard and was drowned. The papers said 'by accident,' but I knew better. I saw through it in the twinkling of an eye. 'Suicidel' says I, and I did feel a little sorry. In fact, I've been quite grieved about it—can't tell you how relieved I feel to find it all a mistake, and she alive and handsome as ever. She's Mrs. Griggs' girl, is she—ah, ha! Well, I don't pretend I'm quite at the bottom of this yet; but it won't take long to get there. That rich senor, now, who gave me a doubleeagle to drive fast and keep my mouth shut, would pay a pretty sum, now, to any one as would give him the news that he wasn't a widower-a cool five thousand, if I stuck for

"Oh," cried Margaret, "if I had as much, I would willingly give it to you to hold your peace, and let me alone," and she burst into

"Ex-actly. And he'd give as much to find you as you would to keep away from him, I'll be bound. He adored you, ma'am. I could see that with half an eye. How happy I shall

"He is gone -far away! he will not come back. No word or letter of yours can reach him. You do not know where to address him!

'There's a nice young man from whom I can get his address—the one who stood up with

you. I know him."
"Have you no mercy?" cried Margaret, in

'I hain't no money," said the man, doggedly; "and I want some desperate bad. Besides, in my judgment, there wouldn't be no harm in taking a lady away from a place like this, and turnin' her over to her lawful hus-band, who loves her, and will cover her with

make my blood run no colder. You'd make a truth, his wife. Oh, do not betray me to drefful fine actress, Miss Margaret, an' no mis-

"Ha!" rubbing his whiskers, reflectively; thought you was getting married to t'other one, hey? really, a very good joke. Quite a little farce for such nice gentlemen to be en-gaged in! The other one will be willing to pay, too, then, to keep the affair quiet. Upon my honor, !'ve hit on quite a lead."
"I did not say it was the other one whom I

expected to marry," stammered poor Marga-ret, shrinking from this dreaded person, while

feeling the net closing about her.

"Certainly not," with a wink; "I guessed it, for who wouldn't?"

"You need not trouble yourself to give in-

formation," said the lady, then, haughty even under the pressure of sickening fear; "I can do what I attempted once before. I can kill myself, and I assuredly will, before I will fall

into his power.' "Perhaps you can buy me off," suggested the other.

"I have property. But I can not claim it without betraying myself. All I have to spare

now, is a very costly watch. "Bah! Property, hey?—in the other's hands, of course," again reflecting, but his reflections were cut short by the appearance of two of the police, stealing cautiously out of the shadow, down one of the aisles formed by the lumber, at the sight of whom, her unwelcome companion made a tremendous bound in the opposite direction, darted into obscurity, and was

gone, with the officers in pursuit.

It was evident that he had been skulking in the lumber-yard to hide from them.

"I hope they will find him, and keep him," murmured Margaret, as, sick at heart, utterly miserable and despondent, she took up her basket, and went down on board the Sally

"La, suz! don't tell me! suthin's happened, remarked Mrs. Griggs, as her boarder, after laying aside her bonnet, sat down to the table, and pretended to eat, while unable to swallow even the cup of warm tea which she so much needed. "I hope you ain't heard no news, Miss Mar—Lucille."

Margaret had changed her name, some time ago, and both she and her friends were attempting to become accustomed to the new

"He ain't back, is he?" whispered the m ter of the Sally Ann, putting the back of his hand up to his mouth, and speaking as mysteriously as if he might be somewhere in the cabin, and in danger of overhearing the conversation.

"Oh, my! what a climax that would be!" cried his wife.

"Not quite so bad as that," and the young lady began to cry in that quiet, repressed way so sad to see; "but I have been discovered by the driver of the hack who took us from the church that night, and he threatens to inform Mr. Martinique and my cousin. He will do it, because he can extort money from them. I see very plainly, my dear friends, that I shall have to leave your kind protection. Oh, where shall I go next?"

"I can't bear to listen to your talk of going Miss Lucille—I can't indeed. We love you, and we're proud of you—proud to have a romantical mystery on board the Sally Ann. Twon't happen to us twice in a lifetime, I

know. Where's that bad man, a-comin' in, like a bandit in a play, a-makin' trouble? Does he know you're here, in this cabin?"

"I am not certain. It appears the officers were after him, and he was obliged to run off. But he will find out everything which he does not already know. Oh, I hope they arrested

him! "Well, you keep as quiet as you can," said Zeke, earnestly desiring to comfort her. "You keep close aboard ship; an' to-morrow Ill find out all about that feller. I'll question the po-

Margaret, or Lucille, as we shall hereafter call her, while it suited her to bear that name, passed a wakeful, wretched night. Her peace of mind was completely unsettled; never again, for a moment, could she feel safe. The next day she bent, pale and nervous, steadily over her needle, but every sound made her start. To please her, Mrs. Griggs kept the cabin-door bolted and formed herself into a guard. evening, when Zeke returned from his work on the docks he was enabled to give Lucille the name of her tormenter, and to announce that, at present, he was in prison, and would probably be sent up for a few weeks for assault and battery on a fellow hackman. Gus Nichols, although driving a carriage, as the ostensible means of making a living, was suspected by the police, to be a person of bad habits, whose ways ought to be kept under surveillance. Indeed, he had once been arrested for robbing a passenger, but the charge was not proved, and he was acquitted. That he was quarrelsome and brutal, he had proved often nough; in fact, he had been skulking yesterday to escape the consequences of nearly kill-

ing a man with whom he had quarreled. Lucille breathed somewhat freer when she heard that he was certainly under arrest; and the inmates of the cabin waited with even a sharper interest than the prisoner himself, to learn, by the daily papers, if he were convicted of the offense charged against him. When it was ascertained that he was sent to Blackwell's for two months, Lucille accepted it as the doomed accept a respite. For two months she might enjoy a partial security. It was evident that Nichols did not know the address of Senor Martinique, and it was unlikely that he would obtain it while in prison.

She did not know the persistent nature of the fellow. (To be continued—commenced in No. 351.)

# "Unsight and Unseen."

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

HERE are two letters which will explain themselves and show, better than I can perhaps, the characters of the hero and heroine of this story.

MR. JOHN BROWN TO MISS JANE BANCROFT.

DEAR MISS: I begin in this awkward way because I do not even know your name; I inclose this letter to my uncle's executor, requesting him to forward it to you. The very remarkable terms of my uncle's will must be my excuse for addressing you as I am about to do.

It seems that if you and I are willing to take each other for better or worse, having never even seen each other's face, we shall together inherit my uncle's property; if not, it goes to found an orphan aslyum.

Slyum.
Now, Whereas,
I. I do not believe in orphan asylums any way;
the money all goes to the trustees, and precious
tittle good the orphans ever get from it; and
INTERIOR AS.

band, who loves her, and will cover her with velvet and jewels. It is to be hurt in that way."

"Allow me to be the judge. I was married to that man by fraud—I supposed I was being married to somebody else—a man I was engaged to, and who took me to the church. It was cruel—wicked. I am not, in heart or

RESOLVED, that if you will change your name (whatever it may be) to Brown, that name is at your service; and let me add that if you can marry me, I shall fully appreciate the great honor you will do me. Mr. Moniton assures me that you are a beautiful and accomplished lady. I am sure he can say of me that I am a gentleman; and I honestly believe that I should make you at least a tolerable husband.

Respectfully yours.

Respectfully yours,
John Brown.

Miss — Care of Marmaduke Moniton, Esq.

MISS JANE BANCROFT TO MR. JOHN BROWN. Miss Jane Bancroft to Mr. John Brown.

Dear Sir: Your letter is received and your proposition accepted, with this proviso:—that you and I shall never see each other, either before or after marriage. The ceremony can, I presume, take blace in a perfectly dark room, and immediately hereafter you can go your way and I can go mine. Chus (to speak plainly) each of us can get the monty we want, and the only inconvenience about it visible the fact that neither of us can marry again while the other lives. If you accept this condition, I would wish that the affair be terminated as soon as lossible, and I would like it to be kept as private as any be. I shall retain my maiden name, and do be. I shall retain my maiden name, and do gn it here, as I think it just as well for you to remain in ignorance of it.

Truly yours, Mr. John Brown, 14 Westchester Place.

A fortnight after this strange correspondence the two parties met by arrangement at the town mansion of Mr. Marmaduke Moniton, were married exactly as the lady's letter had prescribed, and immediately thereafter Mr. Brown left the city, congratulating himself upon having saved himself a fortune without to any great extent sacrificing his liberty; yet wondering now and then what manner of wo-man it was who had stood up beside him in the shadow at that gloomy marriage, and what kind of a face and form was hidden beneath the long, thick vail. However, as he had promised Mr. Moniton upon his honor to make not the slightest effort to discover even the name of his unknown bride, being very much of a philosopher, he presently dismissed the subject from his mind, and soon after almost forgot it entirely amid the pleasures and excitements of a European tour.

Half a dozen years spent in the great capitals of Europe rather improve any man, and they did a good deal for John Brown. At the time of his strange marriage he was just of age—good-looking enough, but immature, conceited, impulsive and reckless-in short, a character unformed, but capable of much good if properly turned. These years in Europe, as I say, did a good deal for him. He came back to New York, at last, a fine-looking, polished well-informed man of the world; and quite a lion he found himself just then, too, for somehow or other it had gotten into the papers how he had jumped overboard after a young lady a young lady of some sixty odd summers if the truth were known) on the voyage home. And since he was rich and distingue, he was at once smiled upon by all the managing mammas and marrying daughters in town, for you see the dog took good care they should not know he was married. He understood too well his value as a supposed unexceptionable

One of the first questions asked him at a certain club which he had joined, was: "Did he rnow Miss Bancroft?" Who the deuce was Miss Bancroft? Why, the finest woman in America, rich as Rothschild, and handsome as Hebe, a kind of blonde-brunette, you know-eyes black as night, and hair beautiful as the day—you will know her fast enough, the first time you see her. Just fall in with the rest of us—we're all in her train.

And, sure enough, that was just what our hero did do. He saw her first at the Walling-fords' reception, danced with her as often as she would let him that very first evening; and went home desperately in love, buried his face in his hands, and for the first time in all those years really felt the chains that bound him. He knew, at last, what many a man comes to know too late, that he has met the woman who, whatever else she might be, was to him "the one fair woman beneath the sun," and to pos sess whom he would have given up wealth, podo love that way sometimes.

As he paced his room in the moonlight that night, bitterly did he repent what he now felt to be the mistake of his life. How different vould his feelings have been had he known that this woman whom he loved was the same who had put her hand in his six years before and

became his wife. But, while John Brown never dreamed that the beautiful Miss Bancroft was his wedded wife, she was perfectly well aware of the fact. When she married him she was a poor, unpre tending girl, helping her widowed mother eke out a slender support. For her mother's sake alone, she had accepted the conditions of the will; but, disliking John from the tone of his letter, and feeling that she was not calculated to inspire anything but a similar feeling in re turn, she had replied as we have seen. half a dozen years of prosperity had made of the feeble girl a splendid woman, and success in society had taught her her own power. And so, when she had learned of John Brown's return to America, lonely and without a relation in the world as she now was, there came over her an irresistible longing to know her husband, and with it a half-formed resolve, born of the woman within her, to try her power upon him and win his love. So she had come to New York, met him and loved him, yet, still uncertain of his feelings toward her, fain to think sometimes from the light that shone upon her and her alone from his dark eyes, that his love was hers, yet, knowing that he held himself not a free man, half-fearing that he was but trifling with her.

One night, on the passionate waves of the beautiful waltz they floated out together through an open door to a rose-hung, moonlit veranda, and there with the spell of the music and the flashing lamps, and the scent of the roses strong upon him, suddenly, without one word of warning, he bent over her, and taking her in his arms he whispered the words he had whispered a thousand times in his life before, but never truly until now, "I love you." Then feeling the cool night breeze sweep over him, and suddenly realizing fully his position, he stood erect again with folded arms before her. Her head was bent low and he could not see

the joy in her face.
"Miss Bancroft," he said, huskily, "I beg
your pardon. Even if you loved me as I do you I have no right to say what I have. seems to me I do not care to live without you, and yet if I stay where you are a day longer, I

shall forget that I am a gentleman."

And suddenly, before she could cry out or prevent him, he had turned away and disapeared in the darkness. She sat a moment, unable to realize that the happiness she had waited for so long had suddenly fled from her. The words had been upon her very lips which would assure him that she was already his. She rose and stretched out her arms toward him, but he was already out of hearing. Then, with a faint ery, she sunk down lifeless among the rose-leaves, and there they found her presently, and took her in to a chamber and in the morning, when the physicians came and found ashore.)

had, and reached here before him. sage was from Mr. Moniton, and the words were these:

Your wife is dying. If you care to see her

in this world, come back at once!"
Will any one think less of John Brown if say that, as he read these words his heart gave a throb of joy? Was he not all at once free-free to marry Jennie Bancroft? But he thought less of himself for it, and the next in stant blushed for very shame. Here was the woman he had never cared for at all, scarcely thought of all these years, dying-and did h owe her nothing—she who was his wife? O course he would go back. Of course he cared to see her in this world—see her, and ask her pardon for his indifference; for in this hour, when he knew she was dying, he felt that he might have acted differently and more gener ously than he had. So he turned once more back to the city where he had left Jennie Bancroft—back to where his wife lay dying—per-

haps, ere this, dead.

Mr. Moniton was waiting for him at the ferry with a carriage, and led the way to it at A strange expression in his face caused John to halt and look at him.

"How is she?" he asked, a little hoarsely. "Is she—dead?"

"Dead? Not by a long shot. She's in a ticklish condition, though. But the doctors say your coming will help her as nothing else

"Does she care anything for me, then? The old man chuckled heartlessly as he re-

"Care for you? I should think she did.

Why, it was love for you that put her into a brain fever. Just you come along and see."

Not a word more was said. They drove rapidly along, John silent and moody. thoughts were constantly of Jennie Bancroft, yet he tried to put her away out of his mind for he knew that to think of her at such a time was base treason toward that other woman whom he had married long years ago. Pre sently they came to a stop, and the door was opened. John stepped out, and was surprised to find himself before the Wallingford mansion -the very house he had left so suddenly a few nights before. Mr. Moniton followed and hurried up the steps into the door already 'How is Miss Bancroft?" asked Mr. Monitor

of the servant. "She grows brighter all the time," was the

John heard it all, but did not understand. Miss Bancroft! Was she sick, too? He went up the broad staircase like a man in a dream. and then suddenly he found himself in a room where there were several people whose faces he seemed to know and yet not to know, gathered about a sick bed-and on that bedcould he believe his eyes?-was the woman he loved — the woman he had kissed and turned away from, pale and languid, yet beautiful as he had ever seen her. But not until she put out her arms to him, not until she cried out, "Oh, John, do you not understand! I am your wife," did he com-prehend it all. Then he stepped forward and pent over her once more; and life all at once seemed strange and beautiful to him, as it had

## THE WOOING O'T.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

The flush of sunrise was in the sky;
Breezes of morning came sweeping by;
The dew was fresh on bush and brake;
The birds and the flowers were wide awake;
And I asked my lady to name the day,
But she only laughed and ran away. The air was still; in the noonday sky Slowly the white clouds drifted by. We sat together, ill at e-se, On the rustic seat 'neath the linden trees. I asked my lady to name the day, But she only answered a pettish "Nay." The moon was climbing the eastern sky; Breezes of evening came lisping by; And love seemed "loitering everywhere" As we two sat by the river there. I asked my lady to name the day, And she softly said, "Well, have your own

# The Tramp Ashore:

DAYBREAK IN A HINDOO VILLAGE. BY YAM

"COME, Ed; it is no use trying to sleep. These infernal musketoes are thicker than flies around a molasses barrel, and I am tired of sitting here, so I vote we go ashore and take a

Jack and I had been sitting on a spare topmast for four hours, smoking incessantly and making war on the musketoes. Our hands necks and faces were beginning to swell from innumberable punctures and one of Jack's eyes

was completely closed.
"Just the cheese, my dear fellow! Why
didn't we think of it before?" I cried, as we both arose.

For a week past the thermometer had denoted 110° and 112° in the shade during the afternoons.

It was utterly impossible to sleep in our cabin, for the roaches had eaten holes through our musketo-curtains and amused themselves by running over our faces, and occasionally we would wake up with a feeling of intense disgust to find one examining the quality of ivory of which our teeth were composed.

We then slung our hammocks on deck under the boats or awnings, but it was no use; the musketoes were worse than the roaches, and we had decided to walk the deck and smoke all night in preference to passing the night either in the cabin or hammocks.

This could not last long, however. On duty

all day and walking the deck all night for three or four nights successively was more than human nature could bear, and, as a last resource, we had determined to lay around on the spars and trust to the influence of the narcotic weed and our own vigilance to keep them at bay. It was too monotonous, and when Jack proposed a trip on shore I roused myself with

"Ho-o-ow, Boxo!" hailed Jack.
No reply. Boxo was snugly ensconced uner his "coperas," which, having unwound

from his loins, he improvised into a sheet and covered himself from top to toe. "Ho, you dingey wallah!" I cried, throwing a cocoanut into the boat.

self from beneath the folds of his covering.

Lazily rousing himself and crew of two nen, Boxo at length came alongside and we walked down the gangway-ladder, into the

It was four o'clock—the day just breaking. In five minutes we grounded and were carried ashore on the shoulders of the two cooies, the mud being up to their knees.

Upon landing we turned our faces toward Kidrapore, a Hindoo village some five miles

As we passed the huts dogs would bark and growl but were too lazy to rise from the mats upon which they lay, in front of the The chokeadores, or native policemen, would

occasionally challenge us—from a respectful distance—and demand to know why we were abroad at that hour. They assumed an air of indifference, how-

ever, upon the mere request of Jack "to go

In some of the huts were heard the beat of tom-toms, revelry and songs chanted in a

The Hindoo bathes perhaps four or five times a day, but eats only before sunrise and after sunset. His only mid-day refreshment is a smoke and drink of water.

At about five o'clock the natives began to rise, and we saw men, women and children enjoying their morning bath.

Walking down to the river, they would walk in, knee deep, and then take off their only article of apparel, the coperas, which they would fold into a turban, and then plunge boldly into

the river. "These fellows are almost amphibious," said Jack. "They are as much at home under water as on land."

"Yes, they never drown unless stuck in the mud," I replied. "But, come and see them Under a tall coaco-nut tree we perceived a

fire, upon which was a large iron pot, and walking up to it, we stood and watched the operation of cooking the curried rice.

The cook appeared much dissatisfied at our curiosity and want of delicacy, so we moved on

in search of another fire. We soon found one, and also saw some ten or

twelve Hindoos squatting around it. In the middle of them was a large copper vessel, called a "chattie," filled with excellently cooked rice—the color perfectly white and each kernel large and dry; it really looked

They commenced to eat just as we arrived, and, fearful of disturbing them, Jack proposed we should get under the lee of a banana tree, near by.

They had neither fork, spoon nor plate, but each dipped the thumb and first two fingers into the rice, and carried quite a respectable quantity to their mouth

There were perhaps ten pounds of rice cooked, and it was astonishing to see the quantity that

Fish and fruit were eaten sparingly with it; after which the pipe, or "hubblebubble," is lighted by the head of the family, and after he has taken a few whiffs—not more than five or six—he passes it to his eldest son, and he to his mother. The pipe is always passed with the sun—that is, from east to west.

"I wish they would cook our 'strike-me-blind' as carefully and skillfully on board ship, as these folks do," said Jack, for he was very partial to curried rice—and we had it each day for tiffin and dinner.

It was now almost sunrise, and we retraced

On our way back we saw a peculiar sight. Some over-drowsy natives had just entered the river to take their bath. When the sun arose in all its oriental splendor, immediately they bowed down and backed out of the water, then falling upon their knees, salaamed re-peatedly, while at the same time they pro-

nounced their prayers. One or two, more pious than the rest, sa-laamed with both hands to forehead, and hen, bending forward, rested their heads and

hands upon the bare earth. It was not a very graceful sight, and Jack said it reminded him of the pelican who hides his beak in the earth and whistles Yankee Doodle.

We were on board again by seven o'clock

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HUNTER'S and TRAPPER'S Illustrated overed himself from top to toe.

"Ho, you dingey wallah!" I cried, throwing cocoanut into the boat.

"Sahib!" and Boxo's dark face revealed itelf from beneath the folds of his covering.

"Dol arime, canara jagger." (Two men go shore.) BY JOE JOT, JR.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
Which through the heart go swishing,
There's none so lazylika, or kind,
Or full of dreams as fishing.
The fish we long for that we see
For one transcendant moment—
The nibble proves our hope to be
Despairingly ill-omened.

We sit at one end of the pole
With eye fixed on the other;
The past no longer frets the soul,
The future does not bother.
We sit like Patience on a stone,
Coat-tail in water pendant,
And as our painted cork goes down
Our hopes are in ascendant.

Our world lies in the water dim, Our world lies in the water dim,
The sphere of all our wishes;
Around our baited limerick swim
Oh, what impossible fishes!
All ready ust to turn and bite,
Why do they not begin it?
We'll have a seven-pounder tight
In just another minute!

In "just another minute" lies
The charm of all our fishing,
For what is it, tell me, ye wise,
But waiting and but wishing?
This is a telegraph, in fine,
In spite of all your quibbles:
How flash along that thrilling line
The veriest jerks and nibbles!

And as the line goes running out,
If not asleep, we brighten,
And take the benefit of the doubt
And dream it is no light one.
Of all the mystic moods of mind
Which doth develop wishing,
There's none so doubtful or so blind
As on a log a-fishing.

## Adrift on the Prairie: THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "DAHO TOM,"
"HAPPY HARRY," ETC., ETC.

VI.-ON SWAN LAKE-JIM'S SUCCESS AND

FROM our feet the plain seemed to slope gradually away beyond the power of vision broken into undulations like ocean billows Behind us lay the glimmering waters of Wall Lake sparkling and radiant as a bed of molter Before us on the bosom of the plain reposed the little sheet known as Swan Lake. A range of low bluffs stood guard along its shores, mirroring their rugged brows in its depths night and morn when the shadows were A belt of vellow reeds, resembling a border of bronze, fringed the margin of the

The surface of this lake was dotted and checkered with life-with living, moving creatures of different kinds and colors. Geese, ducks, brants, swans and pelicans sported on the crystal waves and ruffled their plumage in the golden sun along the shore.

It was a sight sufficient to satisfy the most extravagant desire. We feasted our eyes upon it. The lake was but a mile distant. We became inspired with renewed feelings of joy, for we believed we had at last discovered the hunter's paradise of the North-west.

Other objects were soon brought to our view. Away off to the north-east was a body of timber, and on its margin stood a dozen or more small, conical structures, from the apex of which wreaths of white smoke were curling. We knew at a glance what they were—the wigwams of the Musquakie Indians spoken of by Uncle Lige. The tribe, or a portion of it, had come down from their reservation in an adjoining county to spend the season hunting, fishing and begging. We had nothing to fear of them unless it was loss by theft, for they were scientific thieves.

We could see, from our position on the hill, several warriors stalking about in flaming red blankets, smoking their morning pipes; while the squaws engaged in their usual drudgery

about camp. line running across the plain black and omi-

"That," said old Lige, pointing it out, "is Purgatory Slough. The grass in it's black as a Dutch nigger. Hell's beyond it a mile or But, if we git into the deer-range, we'll head the swamps and tharby git through dry-Come, gee up thar, Buck and Brightg'lang!" and the team moved on

We crossed the plain to the lake, where we unloaded the canoe and pushed on a mile or two further to reach a good camping-ground. This we found on the edge of the timber about half a mile from the Indian encampment

Our presence soon became known to the noble red-men, and a deputation of about a dozen awaited on us in our new camp

They were a remarkable band of gentlemen. All were of the same dirty, copper color, with low, retreating foreheads, broad, sensual faces and black, ferret-like eyes. Either a red or blue blanket covered the broad, square shoulders of each. Their hair was long, black and Their heads were surmounted with unkempt. some relics of civilization, either an old cap or brimless hat doing duty thereon. One low, heavy-set fellow sported a silk "plug" somewhat the worse of long usage. Being a little too large it pitched gracefully back and set jauntily upon his ears, giving him an expression both comical and ludicrous. He appeared to be a kind of dandy, for he sported a heelless boot and an ancient cloth gaiter, in addition to a pair of pants and a woolen shirt.

Uncle Lige entered into conversation with them in their own vernacular, but when he found they could speak English fluently the conversation was carried on in that tongue for our benefit. After conversing with them on various subjects, he asked: "What you Ingins doin' down here, any-

"Hunt some—trap some—fish some—git fire-water—have heap gobs of fun like white

"Goin' to hunt any to-day?" "Hunt some, mebby. Some braves go up to pale-face town to git fire-water—then have big, good time-hoop-la-loo!" and the Indian executed a demi-vault that completely aston-

"He means 'miraculous' when he says 'firewater," said Jim, aside to George.
"I presume so," replied the latter, "and if

they find out you have some in the wagon, you'll be apt to find out how the water tastes up in this country, for they'll have your 'mi-

After lounging round camp an hour or more the Indians returned to their own lodges; and, leaving Uncle Lige to guard our camp, we took our guns and set out for the lake. Reaching our canoe we dragged it through the grass and reeds to the water's edge, and, launching it, embarked for the interior of the broad belt of reeds that fringed the margin of the water. We were unable to get through the dense dry reeds without creating considerable noise, which alarmed the game, and soon the air above us are you!"

was filled with screaming fowls-darting and whirling, soaring and circling in every direc-

When we had got through the reeds into the open lake we discovered that our canoe had sprung a leak, and was fast filling, with two fath-oms of water beneath us. Being provided with rubber boots we were enabled to keep our feet dry for the time being. George and I set to work bailing out the boat with our hands. worked diligently but gained but little on the water, which fact disheartened George and rendered him uneasy and fretful.

"Boys," he finally remarked, wringing the water from his hands, "this is too confounded thin for me; take me ashore and I'll remain

We saw that George was in solemn earnest and so we headed the boat back toward shore and landed him. We then drew the boat out onto dry land, emptied it and caulked the leak, when we again put out into the lake, George firing a parting salute—at a black-bird—as we pushed away, leaving him alone upon shore.

"Glad to get rid of him," said Jim, "for it would just have been his blundering luck to have brought down a swan at first shot. I'll take the lead now, for George being the only one possessed of luck, leaves the field clear to old science, and that's me."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when bang went Bob's gun, and a duck came plunging down so close to the prow of the boat where Jim sat, that a shower of water was dashed

How is that for luck, Old Science?"

"Ugh—thunder!" Jim exclaimed, mopping the water out of his face with his sleeve, "anybody could do that; but I won't shoot at anything less than a goose, pelican or swan. Them's my picking, boys, and when-ever you hear old Stub-and-Twist sneeze out epizootically, score at least ten for me-Old

We reached the open water, and pushed cross its silent bosom about sixty rods, when we came to a little clump of tall reeds in which we concealed ourselves. From this point which was rather a central location, we had an extended view in all directions, and at once pened a deadly fire upon the birds gliding around us; at least, Bob and I did, for nothing but ducks had yet ventured within gunshot. The latter came so near us, at times, that we could distinguish their wild, keen eyes, hear the winnow of their wings, and see the green and gold upon them. There was nothing in the innocent fowls' presence, however, to appeal to our better natures—to cause us to desist from the sport of killing them. We felt that it was one of the privileges bestowed upon us by a benign Providence, and we lost no time in moralizing over the fact.

Jim doggedly reserved his charges for large game, in the very face of our splendid success that was piling up score after score against him. Suddenly, however, silence was imposed upon us by our big companion, who had discovered a number of white swans coming directly toward us. They were flying very slowly, and there was nothing to prevent a suc-cessful shot, should they not be alarmed and

ourn aside before they came to us. We gave way to Jim, since he had waited so patiently for a shot, and as the huge birds came nearer, the click of his gunlocks was heard; then the muzzle of his weapon was thrust upward through the reeds; his face dropped against the breech, and his eye glanced along the barrel. These movements were instantly followed by a thunderous crash that arised our canoe to rock on the waves.

Away across the plain rolled the prolonged oom of the gun—to and fro its echoes reounded from shore to shore.

We lifted our eyes upward as the stunning eport crashed out, and saw a bird thrust its ad upward with a frightful scream. It flapped its great, white wings rapidly, as if struggling hard to keep upon its flight. But a scarlet stream trickled across its snowy breast, lownward like an arrow, falling in a narrow belt of reeds about fifty paces from us.

'There!" exclaimed Jim, with an imposing air of triumph, as he coolly proceeded to load his gun, "who scores the big points now? Luck or Science? You fellows have been boasting of your success all day, and yet you have done nothing but pop down a few little ducks. And now I have a swan—a pure snow-white swan, and an almighty big fel low he is, too. There's some finance in such game as that, boys. You know swan's down the most valuable commodity of the kind found in America, and that skin lying right out yonder will bring me at least twenty dol-Look through here, boys, and get your eves accustomed to the dazzling sight by de grees. Do you not perceive it, Robert? Do you not behold it, Oliver? Who says it don't pay to hold your fire for big game? Miraculous! Fil show you how to score fine points from thi want it understood that when 'Stub and-Twist' speaks, it will be on the money question—the inflation of currency in her own r's pockets. Now, Bob, steer the boat directly toward that snow-bank out vonder, and i'll out something in this concern that'll make your ves water.

Bob, who was at the stern, paddled out of the stalks and across toward the strips of reeds in which the swan lay. A few vigorous strokes carried the boat alongside the reeds, within

arm's reach of the great, white bird.
"Boys, look! behold! perceive it!" exclaimed Jim, beside himself with delight. think what a prize is mine-fully six feet from tip to tip of wing, is that bird, and oh, such a coat of down it will yield! It'd be big enough and grand enough to make a cloak for a princess, and now, if you'll balance the boat, Il reach out and haul in the prize.

He leaned over the side of the boat, and just s he was reaching out for the prize, he saw a dusky hand thrust into the reeds from the op The next inposite side and seize the bird.

tant his prize had vanished as if by magic The look that mounted to Jim's face, and the single word that accompanied it, chilled us to the marrow. He seized a paddle, and with a stroke that almost snapped the blade, sent the boat crashing through the reeds; and as we emerged into the open water beyond, we saw a Musquakie Indian, with Jim's bird, n a light canoe, just disappearing around a distant clump of reeds, a deep trail in the water marking the course of his swift-gliding

HE came home very late one night, and after fumbling with his latch key a good while muttered to himself, as he at length opened the door, "I mushnmakeny noish caush tholo man's ashleep." He divested himself of his garments with some trouble, and was congratulating himself on his success as he was getting into bed, when a calm, clear, cold voice ent a chill down his spinal column: "Why my dear, you ain't going to sleep in your hat,

## Geraldine's Husband.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE frosty sunshine of a mid-January day came in between the purple velvet curtains of the grand salon in Mrs. Blythe Bellingham's Fifth avenue mansion, and made a warmly golden halo around little Geraldine Vane's head, that was drooped so lowly over her book that Mrs. Bellingham could not note the effect of her ardent, congratulating words.

'You're a perfect little darling, Geraldine! I do declare, I never would have given you credit for such skill. Only think, child, you naven't been two months from the country, or your visit here, and already had an offer from Mr. Victor Halsey! Why, Gerry, I'm as proud as if you were my daughter instead of my

The little fair hands were nervously writhing around a cluster of moss-roses Geraldine had cut in the greenhouse—dainty pink roses, the very hue of the girl's sweet cheeks, that were such exquisite contrast to the dusky eye and wavy, sunny-brown hair; and Mrs. Bellingham looked down at the lissom, willowy figure and smiled and nodded her head astutely

'I might have known how it would beyouth and freshness and wildrose shyness are sure to win the day, and Mr. Victor Halsey is just the man to appreciate such sweetness Geraldine, I am really charmed with you Your uncle and I will give you your wedding and won't Laura Desmond expire with envy when the engagement comes out! Why, my dear, she has fished for Mr. Halsey in the most disgusting manner, and—"

The drooping, girlish head suddenly lifted itself, and the grave, tender eyes looked timidy, pleadingly at the lady's earnest, animated

'Oh, aunt Hellen-don't talk any more about it; please don't! You are altogether mistaken—I only said Mr. Halsey had asked me to marry him, but I did not say I had ac-

Mrs. Bellingham shook her head approving

"Of course you did not say you had accepted Mr. Halsey, child, and I admire your modest reticence. Of course you did not say so, but I know you did, as no girl in the posse of her senses would do otherwise. A couple of nundred thousand dollars, and a life of regal luxury and pleasure don't come more than onc in a lifetime. Geraldine, I declare I think you are really to be envied."

The moss-rose pink deepened almost to crim-son on the girl's cheeks; then, a little gleam of defiance crept into her dark eyes, and one saw then that Geraldine Vane was perfectly capable of holding her own.

"But, aunt Hellen, you are entirely mista-en. I did refuse Mr. Halsey." A gleam like liquid fire was in Mrs. Belling

nam's fine eves. "Geraldine! refused him-refused Mr. Vic tor Halsey! And why, may I ask?"
"Because I do not love him; because I love

Harry Custer." Then she looked up, bravely, not boldly, with a little challenging light in her eyes.

Mrs. Bellingham gasped the name in a horrified echo. "Harry Custer! Harry Custer-Mr. Hal-

sey's unacknowledged nephew! Harry Custer, with not a means of support in the world beyond his pittance as bookkeeper! What do you nean by such nonsense—such insanity?" "You wouldn't have me marry a man I care nothing about, would you, aunt Hellen?

ly you wouldn't have me marry one man and be all the while loving another?" Mrs. Bellingham bridled. 'The idea of you talking on such a subject

As if a child of your age knows who or what they like. I shall write at once to your poor mother, Geraldine, and inform her fully of your willfulness, and tell her to expect you home within a week.'

"Very well; if you choose to turn me ou of your house because I refused a rich man old enough to be my father, I will be glad to o. Mamma never will be cruel enough to

blame me, or papa either. But when, forty-eight hours later, there came a thick letter from home, with two stamps on the envelope, and directed in papa's finest hand-writing, Geraldine knew the been an uproar home, by the way the down strokes were mercilessly shaded—when that twelve-paged letter came, that was implora-tions and reproaches, and sharp scoldings and hreatenings, and appeals and wrathful fault findings, brave little Geraldine felt that she must have done a very terrible thing indeed.

"But, I'll stand firm and true to Harry come what may, unless—unless mamma pos tively forbids my marrying him. If they only knew him, they never would blame m for loving him so-and to think mamma always made such a point of her marrying papa for nothing but love!'

Which was perfectly true; only, since that appy day, -nearly twenty years ago-ther had come a large family and great cares, and not the least financial luck in the world, to Mr. and Mrs. Vane. And, of late years, the supreme ambition of Mrs. Vane's life had een to marry her two daughters to rich men: o that it was little wonder than when Mrs Bellingham had announced the ignominous failure of the visit she had invited Geraldine to make, and to secure which invitation Mrs. Vane had angled for months, and to pay which risit had been to deprive the rest of the family of many things in order that Geraldine might go in reasonable style, it was little wonder that the Vanes lamented, and were indignant and sent a furious letter to the stupid, ungrate ful girl, forbidding her return home until she prepared to obey her aunt's advice

Mrs. Bellingham smiled with cold satisfac tion as Geraldine poured forth her own indig-

You will see at length that no one can tolerate such reckless foolishness as you are guilty of, Geraldine-not even your own mother. Shall it be as she begs, as your father requests, as I insist, if you wish to re main in my house? Come, Geraldine, be sensible, and have done done with this young Custer. Consent to accept Mr. Halsey, and will give you the handsomest suite of rubies in the city; while as Harry Custer's betrothed you can not remain in my house. You have

Geraldine was very quiet and repressed as she folded away the voluminous letter

'I do not see what choice I have, Aunt You have ordered me from house "-her voice quivered a little-" and my parents forbid my coming home"—this with a sobbing gasp. "Please tell me what mains for me to do but to go out of doors?" "Please tell me what re

She was so dignified, and determined about it, that Mrs. Bellingham's temper rose in pro portion.

"You are a brazen, forward girl, and your

And, although she did not really mean the threats she had made, in the fullness of her disappointment, nevertheless Geraldine took her at her word, and that self-same evening, as she and her lover were walking along the avenue, she took him into her confidence.

"I don't see whatever in the world I shall do about it, Harry," she said, in the sweet, un-conscious way she had that had been such a charm in his eyes.

He pressed her dainty little arm against him ovingly, and looked down in her face, with such tender, reverent pride in his eyes—those dark, splendid eyes of his that had helped win the day against many.

"Can you not suggest a way to cut the Gordian knot, my little darling, or must I do all the thinking?

"If I knew of any way-" she began, honestly, innocently.

He laughed, joyously.
"What a child you are—and I am so glad!
Did it not occur to you that you had agreed to be my little wife, to take me for better, for worse? Geraldine, I will be no better able to make you comfortable and happy in five years than I am now. Shall we be married, and have our own dear home, darling? Will you yes,' Geraldine?"

And when Geraldine went home an hour later, in the pocket of her dress was her marriage certificate, and she knew she had taken on her the sweetest sacred vows that life holds She was just a little nervous and agitated as she went into Mrs. Bellingham's library to ac quaint that lady with the news she ought to know, and to tell her that on the morrow she

would go to her husband's home.

The warm, lovely color was glowing, like carnation blooms, on her cheeks, as Geraldine pushed ajar the library door; the next instant she was whiter than freshly-fallen snow—the rich blood driven back to her heart by the words she had heard spoken, first, in Mrs. Bellingham's wonder-stricken tones; afterward, in a strange voice, a man's hard, unsym

pathetic voice Killed! Mr. Victor Halsey thrown out of

his coupe and killed, since dinner?"
"Yes, Mrs. Bellingham, Mr. Halsey was thrown from his carriage, as I said, not an hour ago, and instantly killed. And he had destroyed his will only this morning." Geraldine heard Mrs. Bellingham fairly

Destroyed his will! Then his nephew is heir to all that immense wealth—Harry Custer

owns it all!" Then Geraldine went in, white, calm, with conflicting emotions of pity and horror and astonishment and ecstasy at her heart, and laid her marriage certificate on the library

table, and watched Mrs. Bellingham read it.

"My niece, Mrs. Custer," is prime favorite with aunt Hellen nowadays; and it is perfectly astonishing how the Vane family became re conciled to Geraldine's match, and with what unblushing audacity they affirm the respect they always had in dear "Gerry's judgme while Geraldine herself and her loving husband accept the wealth so providentially bestowed upon them, and are content, as they would have been with only each other.

# The True Story of Brown

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I want you to come down and make us a visit, Joseph. Come down next week, and stay till after the Fourth. We're expecting some visitors, and I'm sure you'll have a pleasant time. Now don't fail to come. Katie sends her love, and says I must tell you that we shall expect to see you here early next week. Don't disappoint us."

So ended the letter which Joseph Brown received from his brother William, somewhere about the middle of June. "I can see through it all," said he, folding up the epistle and returning it to its envelope.

Yes, sir "-to the old Maltese cat, who happened to be fast asleep—"it's clear as day.
They've got a woman down there who wants to get married, and they've concluded to make another attempt to hook me in. Oh! you can't fool your brother Joseph yet, Mr. William Brown! I can see through you! You've got your foot into matrimony, and you want me do just as you did. Misery loves com-

Joseph couldn't have meant by that that he nsidered his brother had made himself miserable by marrying, for he often envied his brother the comfort he seemed to take with his wife and family. But he had so long considered him elf a bachelor for life that he had got nto the habit of assuming to himself that mar ried people were envious of single ones, and al ways spoke of them in a kind of way that implied his pity for them, and his thankfulne that he wasn't in their shoes. While the truth was, he really wished he had a nice little But he was afraid of women, and ex wife. pected to always remain single. He was quite sure he could never muster up sufficient cour age to tell a woman that he loved her, and ask her to be Mrs. Joseph Brown. "The cannon's mouth wouldn't scare me," he told himself "The cannon's when he got to thinking about it, "but a wo man would.'

The memory of last summer was still fresh in his mind. He had been invited to visit his He had gone down unsuspectingly and found there an old maid who immediate laid siege to him. But he had succeeded, by the help of Divine Providence, in getting out of the terrible predicament. Now he felt sure that another trap was laid for him. He didn't know why, but he couldn't help feeling so.

"But I'll go," he declared. "I s'pose it's a girl in pantalets, this time. The other one was I know as well as I want to. I s'pose it would be a good thing if I had a wife, but I don't want a little girl, nor a woman old enbugh to be her grandmother, and what's more, won't have 'em!" he added, with so much mphasis that he woke up the old cat, who ooked at him in feline wonder.

He went down to his brother's "Who is it, this time?" he asked William, a oon as they were on their way home from the

"It was Miss Larabee, last year," said Jo seph. "This year it must be some one else."
"Oh! I understand now!" laughed William. If there's anybody, it must be Mrs. Parks."

brother.

A widow?" gasped Joseph. "Yes, but a young one," answered his bro-"Oh!" Joseph couldn't say another word.

He felt, in some mysterious way, that it was all up with him. He felt just as sure of it as e was a month afterward. When he went down to the parlor there

willfulness will be your ruin. I wash my hands ribly to be introduced to women. And he felt more frightened than ever now, for she was

A very pretty little child was playing in the room. It looked up, saw him, smiled delightedly, and toddling over to him, grabbed him round his shaking knees, and lisped, "Papa!

Papa! "Oh, Lord!" Mr. Brown couldn't have kept back the frightened exclamation for the world His face broke out in profuse perspiration, and the ladies began to titter at the child's per-formance, which f course made the poor man

feel extremely uncomfortable. "Mrs. Hooper, my brother," said William, presenting him to the first lady they came to Whereupon he seized her by the hand and gave it a most vigorous shaking, being the only thing he could think of doing. Mrs. Hooper evidently thought he meant to be a

very friendly man. This is Mrs. Drake," said William, as he cceeded in getting his brother away from Mrs. Hooper.

Joseph attempted to bow, trod on the baby's toes, and came near fainting with fright when the cherub set up a doleful wail.

"And this is Mrs. Parks," finished his brother, indicating the woman who came to the As she had her hands pretty well occupied with the baby, he couldn't indulge in hand-shaking, so he bowed several times, said he

"hoped she was well, and wished for a better acquaintance," after which he stumbled into the nearest chair, and longed to commit sui-William watched his opportunity. When

he caught Joseph's eye, he nodded toward the woman with the baby, and whispered, "The

"Good Lord!" thought Joseph. "That's her, is it? and she's got a young one! I wouldn't like to be a stepfather, though 'twould save a fellow the trouble of raising one of his own, I

'Papa! Papa!" As sure as he lived that "young one" was calling him that "pet name" again, and was insisting on coming to him. "You mus'n't mind her," said Mrs. Parks, with the prettiest blush he thought he had ever

"She calls almost every gentleman papa since her father died.' "I-I don't mind it if you don't," he manged to answer, at which she blushed prettier

than ever. The child insisted on coming to him. He never felt quite so awkward in his life before, as he did when she climbed up on his knee. He was afraid to touch her. Children and china always seemed to him to be made of the same material. And he knew that the ladies were vatching him, and wanted to laugh. He got red as a rose, and felt as if the thermometer ad suddenly reached 100° in the shade.

ertheless he lived through it.
"She's real nice," he declared, to the bedpost, that being the nearest human in resemblance of anything in his bedroom, when he went to bed that night. "I b'leeve I'd like to marry her, but I dassent ask her." Cold chills

ran down his back at the thought. In less than two days Mr. Joseph Brown was in love. Deeply and sentimentally in love. So much so, in fact, that he picked up a rose she had dropped, and took it up to his room, where he sat and looked at it for an hour before he re-

alized what he was doing.
"You poor old fool!" he said, addressing himself. "You're done, ain't you? It takes widows to fetch a man to time!" self.

Then he sighed.

During the next two weeks Mr. Brown found the courage to get better acquainted with Mrs. Parks than he had ever been with any woman save his mother. When he thought of asking her to marry him, however, he couldn't help feeling afraid of her. The Fourth came. Great preparations had

been made for it, and all the family and guests were going, with the exception of Mrs. Parks, who said she'd rather stay at home, for Rosie was so much trouble.

hanged his mind, and concluded he'd stay at "Got headache," he explained, gruffly and

concisely, to William. He also told the same outrageous fib to Mrs. Parks, who smiled as if she understood all about it, at which Joseph colored up and felt as guilty as a boy who has been caught in mischief

"Of course I'm sorry you don't feel well," she said, "but I'm glad I'm going to have company. It would be terribly lonesome here We'll have a nice little dinner, all to purselves, and that'll be almost as pleasant as a

When the family had taken their departure Mr. Brown went down-town and bought some strawberries and lemons, and other good things, and brought them home for dinner

'More so," answered Mr. Brown. "A great

Won't it be jolly?" cried the widow. "I'll hull these berries now, so as to have them all ready I'll help," declared Mr. Brown, and he did

What a charming little dinner the pretty widow got up! It seemed to him that it went ahead of all other dinners he had ever partaken of. It was a model of its kind.

After it was over, he suddenly proposed that they should take a ride. "I'll go down and get a horse and carriage can have just as good a time as any of and we em, that is, if you're willing," he added,
"Oh, I should be delighted," assented Mrs.

Parks, and away he went after the horse and Such a delightful ride as it was! He felt as if he might be in heaven. True, he had little

bashful spells, but they didn't last long. "Your head must have got better," said the widow, all at once, with a mischievous

"It did." answered Mr. Brown. An awful desperation seized him. He felt pale, but he also felt more courage than he ever expected he could summon up in an emergency like

"It's my heart that troubles me most," he stammered. "I really wish you'd cure it."
"I would be glad to do so," answered she,
"if I only knew what to do." How pretty she did look, all dimples and blushes!

"I don't know what you mean," said his "I know," said he, waxing bolder. "I"and then all at once he began to get scared, and wasn't accountable for what followed ike to be Rosie's pa, and have you get all my

dinners for me, if you're willing What the widow answered I can't say, but Rosie announced, on the return of the merrynakers, that "he," meaning Mr. Brown, "tissed mamma, one, two, free, lots o' times." At which he demanded of the blushing widow sotto voce, that he'd "like to know who'd a better right," and as she indicated by her silence that no one had, it is safe to infer that she answered his question. Especially so, when we take were several ladies there, and his heart began to thump and his face to get red before he got over the threshold. It always scared him ter-